Saturday Review

of LITERATURE

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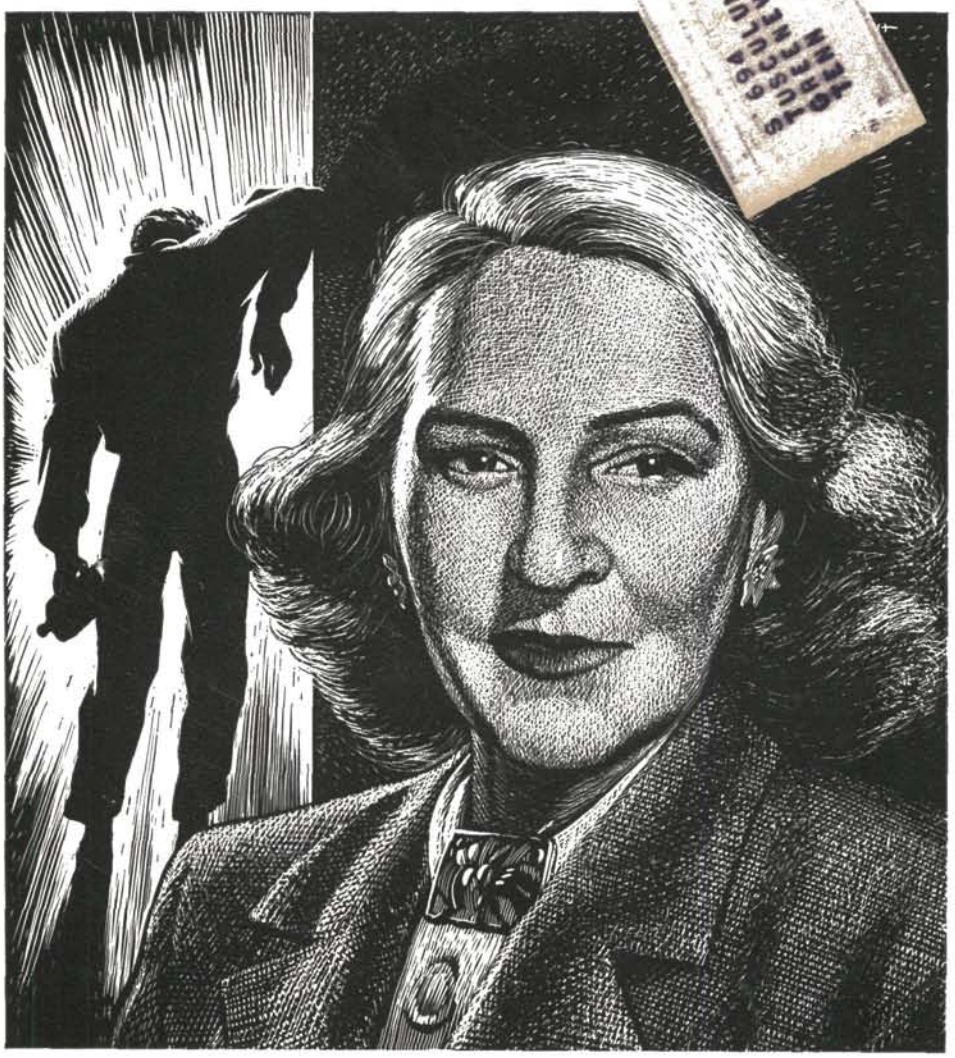

Natalie Anderson Scott, author of "The Story of Mrs. Murphy." (See page 9)

Turning History Inside Out

FORESIGHT, By MARK S. WATSON | HINDSIGHT, By FRED SMITH

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June 28, 1947

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Reflections of an eminent critic

On Judging Books IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR

By FRANCIS HACKETT

A stimulating collection of the best of Francis Hackett's reviews from *The New York Times*, his literary essays from *The Saturday Review*, new pieces on James Joyce, James Thurber and Nietzsche, and a long introductory essay on the subject of book reviewing and the tendencies of modern writing and publishing. "Stamped with a vigorous personal style and an enviable control over a wealth of allusion to all the arts, philosophy and history."—Clifton Fadiman, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*.
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I Have Two Countries

By MBONU OJIKE

The author of MY AFRICA now writes of his second country, the United States. Ojike's experiences in America have been unusual and his frankness in telling of the things that have happened to him and the things which have puzzled or amused him makes this book a fresh reading experience. Penetrating, humorous, warm, I HAVE TWO COUNTRIES is a book about democracy by one who has accepted its challenge and dedicates his whole effort to make it work. $3.00

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TRADE Winds

"THE CUSTOMERS ALWAYS WRITE"

BECAUSE EDGAR SNOW'S "Stalin Must Have Peace," like all his other books, impressed me as an honest report on a vital subject by somebody who really knows what he is talking about, I wrote to ask him his frank opinion of the new Truman-Greek-Turkish policy. The following is his reply, sent from **Paris:**

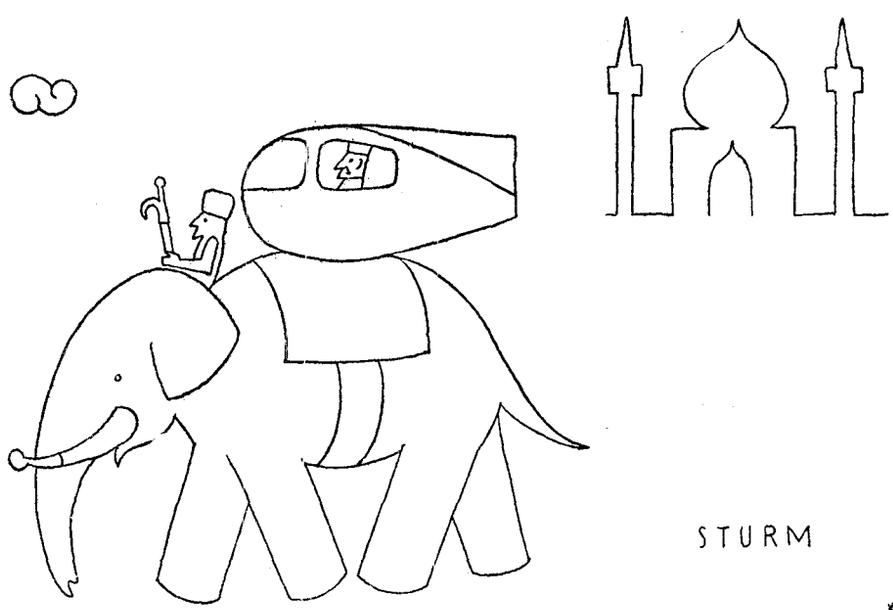
> The new internationalists (who are the old isolationists now become internationalists with the purpose of isolating Russia) promise to make the UN a soulless, lifeless organism and to stamp out the remaining breath in the One World concept. The Greek-Turkey policy is a scatterbrained improvization without background or foreground in our own history and it will not succeed, I believe, in its immediate objectives, mainly because the American Congress won't go in for military intervention on a major scale and they won't do so because the American people would not support such a policy for the only political motives on which this Congress could agree. In a year the Greek-Turkish policy will be revealed as a bankruptcy worse than the intervention in China — but meanwhile a lot of people will be killed and a lot of property damaged, and any chance of effective world peace organization and disarmament will be indefinitely postponed. Not just because of that, of course—that's just one of the symptoms of a general malaise. Until Americans realize that our experience and our results don't provide the answers to economic problems troubling the political life of most countries of the world we won't be able to offer real cooperation on a basis of equality and practical means. And we won't realize, most of us, the instability of our own system till the big shakeout comes along.
>
> For all that, I am not afraid of war now or five years from now. Nobody could start a major war but the Russians and ourselves—even within the next decade. The Russians "must have peace" for ten years. The American people quite simply can't be pushed into a war, however much some monsters may want it, short of another Pearl Harbor. And Stalin is NOT General Tojo—nor Corporal Hitler either.

FROM MYRA THOMPSON, of Kent, Ohio:

> Want to hear how I first met Franklin P. Adams? When I first came to New York, almost twenty years ago, I carried proudly with me from Los Angeles a letter of introduction to the then columnist on the then *Morning World.* It was written by a man who knew my father had a daughter who was going to New York to be a reporter. This man had a friend who knew F.P.A. Or something. Very roundabout.
>
> So I went up to the *World* office, and I handed in my note, and pretty soon, glory be! there was F.P.A. walking out of his cubbyhole with the note in his hand. He looked around, saw only one person waiting, and came up to me.
>
> "You are Miss Waterman?" he asked.
>
> I said I was.
>
> "You bring this note from Felix?"
>
> I said I did.
>
> "How is Felix?"
>
> "I don't know," I said. "I don't know Felix."
>
> "Oh. Then how did you get this?"
>
> "A man wrote it for my father to give to me. To give to you."
>
> "Oh yes. Where is Felix now?"
>
> "I don't know. Chicago, I think."
>
> "Well, what do you want?"
>
> By this time I was sick of the whole thing, and, naturally, determined never, never to present another letter of introduction as long as I lived.
>
> "I just wanted to see you," I said.
>
> "You've seen me," said Mr. Adams, and walked into his room.

FROM FORT SMITH, ARK., Norah Norton sends Trade Winds this story of the Ozarks. "It ought to be heard in dialect," she adds, "for the old people of the hills *do* speak a distinct dialect despite Mencken or Noah Webster. But this pronunciation must be heard; it defies the pen. If you ever have been privileged to hear the Weaver Brothers and Elviry on the air, you have heard the real Ozark accent, corn-fed and hand-spanked." Well, then:

> In 1904 my father was laying the steel on the Old Iron Mountain railroad (which later was among Helen Gould's wedding presents). For 90 miles, the right of way was cut out of the solid rock of the cliffs along White River. To say it was virgin country is putting it mildly. Up to a few years ago, conductors were still taking passengers for their first train ride. They'd get on, ride a dime's worth (the family for a dime), get off, take off their shoes, and walk back home. Usually, on the Fourth of July, the train had a schedule, but it was only a gesture for the benefit of the St. Louis office. Trains waited while a drummer made a sale, and one day Conductor Jim O'Donnell stopped and milked a cow to feed a hungry, crying baby on his train. Our headquarters in 1904 were in Keener, Arkansas. I think some of the Keeners are still living. The venerable patriarch of the clan was old Judge Keener. Whether he was judge by court or courtesy I do not know, but he owned the store and the sawmill, was postmaster and preacher, and acted as arbitrator in all local disputes. His position was unique and secure. His "faithful retainer" was Crazy Jake. Jake's loyalty to all things pertaining to the Keeners was unto death itself.
>
> Of course, everyone had a still. The fact that the guv'mint forbade them was of no consequence. White ash was burned instead of pine or oak, because it makes no smoke, and the mortality among inquiring strangers was just about 100 per cent. Washington was fer away, and who knows, if they paid 'em any mind they might up an' say that a body couldn't grind his own cornmeal! Two gunny sacked jugs always swung from the rafters on the porch of the Judge's store. The mountain dew was free and refreshing.
>
> Just after sunrise one fine June day the body of a stranger was found in the road. He had been



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shot. He was not dead, but he was unconscious, so he was tenderly borne to the store, laid on the back counter, and allowed to die in peace. The women washed and dressed him, while the men, having measured him with a willow wand, knocked him a box. Judge Keener donated the black calico to cover it and in starched shirt and collar solemnly led the services while they waited for an engine and a flat car to come and take the body to the nearest town. Crazy Jake was chief mourner. As the coffin was pulled out of sight, Judge Keener turned to Jake and said sternly, "Jake, you'd better look to the sight on the squirrel gun. That's the first time you ever missed."

FROM HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, of the Department of History at Columbia University:

This is a serious letter about a serious subject. I want you to start a campaign, in your *SRL* columns. It is about this matter of quotations in critical and biographical works. You have read about the Yvor Winters book on E. A. Robinson, and the explanation of Winters's failure to quote where quotes were needed. Macmillan's deny that they asked too much of the author. Perhaps they couldn't help it. It's not, in fact, particular publishers who are at fault, but the whole system.

That publishers and authors should charge for reprints in anthologies is obvious. But they have lost sight of the principle of this charge, of the principle of protection for literary property. The principle is, of course, that any use of literary property which in any way impairs the value of that property is wrong and calls for compensation. Whole poems or stories or essays included in anthologies do impair the value of the original property. Not only this, but they represent a recognized reprint which has to be compensated for. This principle does not apply in the least to the use of original material for purely critical purposes. In fact, here, quite the opposite principle comes into play. The presumption is—and I think it is a correct one—that any serious discussion of an author will call attention to this work and may lead to additional sales. Certainly, by no stretch of the imagination, can the quotation of some lines of poetry, or some paragraphs of a novel or an essay or a history, do any damage to the literary property. No one is going to refrain from buying Robinson's poems because they can read extracts from them in some critical study; no one is going to refrain from buying Farrington or Beard because paragraphs from their works are available in books on historical literature.

The growing practice of requiring special permission for every quotation over two or three lines, and of exacting compensation in many cases, is a form of restraint of trade that harms everyone involved—the original author, the author using the material, the publisher, and the public. In most cases the original author gains nothing. The author using the material is put to endless nuisance in getting permissions for snippets. The publisher is put to expense and bother in granting permissions. The public is, justly, annoyed by an endless series of permissions and acknowledgments that merely distract his attention.

Can't you publishers get together and work out some kind of code that will cover this situation? Some of you will say that it will be hard to distinguish between the use of material for purely critical purposes, and its exploitation for other than critical purposes. Of course it will be hard to distinguish in all cases. The whole of law, as you know, is a matter of drawing distinctions—the whole of life, perhaps. But we have to do it, and we have to do it arbitrarily. The year 1947 is an arbitrary distinction; 6:00 for night is an arbitrary distinction; thirty-five-miles-an-hour speed limit is an arbitrary distinction. Let the publishers get together and make some arbitrary distinction, and stick to it and end this eternal nuisance of permissions.

ASKED BY *Vogue* to supply a brief autobiographical sketch, Frank Sullivan, who rates in Trade Winds' chart in the very top bracket of American humorists, supplied a few painfully inaccurate details, as follows:

Francis John Sullivan is that rara avis, a native of Saratoga Springs, where he was born in 1892, the son of Lotta Crabtree and Harold W. Ross. He made his first appearance on the stage two months later playing Fleance to Mme. Modjeska's Lady Macbeth. A promising stage career was terminated soon afterward when during a performance at Harmanus Bleecker Hall in Albany, Mrs. Modjeska dropped the budding Fleance on his head. The next day Sullivan became a humorist and startled the literary world with his brilliant novel of a man's love for the woman he loves, "What Makes Martin Chuzzlewit Run?" ("Could not put it down"—Hamilton Wright Mabie. "Held me from start to finish."—Brander Matthews. "Perfectly corking but lacks an index."—James Gibbons Huneker.)

Frank is five feet six inches high and about the same across and sleeps in the raw. His pupils dilate normally but his mainspring needs tightening. He spent the summer of 1910 pasting labels on bottles of Saratoga water. We shall see later how this affected the campaign of 1912. . . .

Old friends of Francis J. remember the good old prohibition days when his undeviating route led from Saratoga to Moriarty's speakeasy and back. Detained unduly on one occasion at his Northern terminus, he explained all in a postcard: "I will be here a few more days taking care of my kidneys, or, as I like to think of them, Moriarty's Annex."

BENNETT CERF.

"From where I sit"

JUDITH AMORY, schoolteacher, on the surface was proper, gentle, attractive, and intelligent. Underneath she was a ruthless egotist, quite willing to sacrifice decent principles to get what she wanted out of life. First, with her eye on Richard Tomlinson, she maneuvered herself into the Tomlinson household, arousing the jealousy of Richard's wife, Abigail, jealousy of the young girl, Thorne, who was their ward; and then deliberately causing Abigail's death. But Thorne came to haunt Judith as she had haunted Abigail. Judith now was married to Richard, and when one night Thorne disappeared, Richard searched his soul and decided to follow her and leave Judith.

All this takes place in Indiana shortly after the Civil War—in a novel by MARGARET ECHARD which is called **The Dark Fantastic.**

This book presents an increasing suspense as it progresses in chapters that are clearly, unmistakably written. She wastes no words, nor does she leave out any of those little descriptions and bits of dialogue which lend to the cumulative atmosphere of mystery and treachery. At times I felt that I was reading a sort of far-off newspaper account, something removed by years and distance, but shockingly present in its terse statement of the course of these tragic lives. There is a fatal quality about the lunge of this plot, each scene evolving like the "scene of the crime."

The jacket is no slouch either. But don't let it fool you with its boudoir delicacy—in this hot weather, you'll find yourself shivering now and then.

paul

DOUBLEDAY 50th Anniversary

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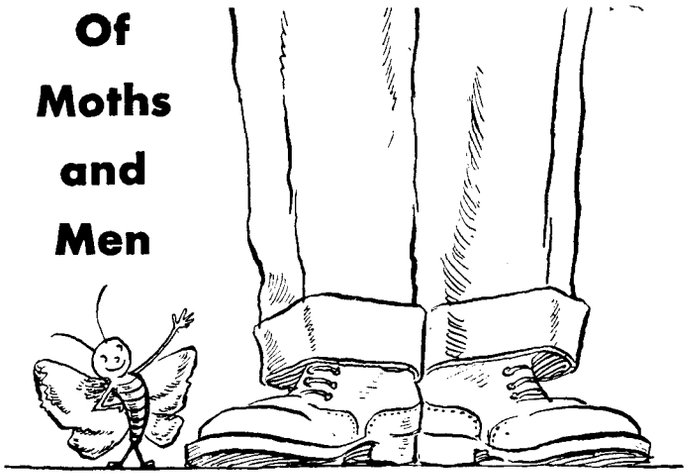
Of Moths and Men



THE following conversation could happen in a club or a house, on the Super-Chief or on the 5:15 to Rye. Maybe it will.

Something very like it has happened to a couple of people we know. In this particular case, it's a conversation between a man who has read BEND SINISTER, by Vladimir Nabokov, and a man who hasn't. And the man who has is faced with the exceedingly tough problem of communicating a genuine enthusiasm. Try it yourself.

Man Who Has: Some people go ahead dividing the world into parts.

Man Who Hasn't: Don't you mean dividing people into parts? A sort of left hand, right hand process?

Has: All right, people, then. And since books are variously attempts to see people through the clear light of imagination, this dividing goes on through all of literature.

Hasn't: Frankly I do not wish to be baited. I quite frequently read the books I talk about and not merely what the reviewers say. Having read other of Mr. Nabokov's books, I felt qualified to pronounce some literary judgment on the man.

Has: I grant you a sound beginning. Since you know, or seem to know, THE REAL LIFE OF SEBASTIAN KNIGHT . . .

Hasn't: (muttering) Read it in '41.

Has: (adding a little English to the ball) As I said, since you seem to be aware of Mr. Nabokov's first short novel in English, as well as a number of his other works in translation, you might like to pronounce some judgment on BEND SINISTER. After all, you've read the jacket copy, haven't you?

Hasn't: (stuffing his pipe in a modified Ronald Colman manner) You're getting very pompous, Charlie, and you're obviously dying to trot out all those old theories about what the world is coming to in connection with this man's work. So go right ahead. I haven't read the book, and though I doubt whether even your burbling enthusiasm can spoil the actual reading for me, you might as well try. I grant you unfair advantage number one.

Has: (calmer, lighting a cigarette) Matter of fact, I don't really want an advantage. I wish you *had* read it so we could talk it over. It reminds me of some of the finest poetry I know.

Hasn't: That's a damning thing to say about a novel, Charlie.

Has: Not really. It's a damning thing to call a novel "poetic prose". This isn't. But it's a freighted, wonderful rich prose that crowds the mind with images, as poetry does.

Hasn't: Well, that's not especially new. Nabokov has done it before. In English, too.

Has: I know. And I've seen a beginning of this in an occasional story of his in *The Atlantic Monthly* or *The New Yorker*. But this is the kind of perfection he has been working toward over a great many years of writing.

Hasn't: Easy, Charlie. Remember when . . .

Has: I remember. It's natural for a man to muff some judgments. But this is no muffed judgment, Charlie. BEND SINISTER is a singular thing called great writing.

Hasn't: Aside from that, let's have the plot.

Has: You've read the jacket. You know the plot. It's a fantasy. A terribly real dramatic fantasy of modern man menaced by the rising tyrant State which, under the familiar slogans of Equality and Community, extinguishes the free intelligence and all normal human relations. Plot-wise, you can take it from there.

Hasn't: It might occur to me to ask who is "modern man". Is this a book of symbols or of people?

Has: People, of course. And because Nabokov sees the break-off between the individual and the mass as clearly as any liberal thinker of our times, it's also a novel of the slave state and what it has done and may still do to the individual. Any fascist could tell you it's a perfect picture.

Hasn't: Providing any fascist would admit it, of course.

Has: Always providing that. And since it's really not to be expected, this book may go through certain misinterpretations. However, there's no chance of truly misunderstanding the author's intentions. From the opening scene, where the hero's wife is dying, to the last scene where the author, like Prospero at the end of THE TEMPEST, takes command of the creatures of his imagination, there is drama of mounting, of almost intolerable, intensity. And with Nabokov's last sentence, "Twang. A good night for mothing.", you come quickly back to a world that seems much less real. It's later, during the process of reorientation from the world of books to this other world we live in, that you feel a sudden awareness of what he has said.

Hasn't: Nabokov is a writer who always did make me check on my own perceptions.

Has: Then, BEND SINISTER will certainly bring you a new awareness of trends in the affairs of moths and men.

Hasn't: Well, Charlie, I don't know about mothing, but this looks like a good night for reading BEND SINISTER.

Bend Sinister

By VLADIMIR NABOKOV

$2.75

AT ALL BOOKSTORES
HENRY HOLT & COMPANY

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Turning History Inside Out

1. Foresight

By MARK S. WATSON

LATER this summer, if schedules are met, there will emerge from the press and bindery of the Government Printing Office at Washington the first volume of a tidy publication entitled "The United States Army in World War II." It will be the opener of a long series running in number probably to Vol. XCIX or so, and in time of publication to the year 1955 and beyond. More important, it promises to accomplish something which has never yet been accomplished in American history—the official recording of a gigantic military performance in comprehensive and factual manner, with documentation as complete as possible at the time, and with the finished work made available to the public while the war's own participants, for the most part, are still alive to read it.

The enterprise is better understood if examined on a relative basis, presenting to public view a situation affecting all our previous wars which causes professional historians to grieve. The state of documented histories of America during six of its seven wars may be thus summarized:

American Revolution. Ford's monumental writings of Washington, plus the records of the Congress, are the prime source for students. There is no complete documented history of the war; documents of first importance are still coming to attention in unexpected places.

War of 1812. "The records were burned" is the usual apology. The fact is that a great many records are available in State Department and archives, but there is no compiler.

Mexican War. Justin Smith's two-volume history is the nearest thing we have to an over-all study, but it was a private, not a governmental venture. No true documentation.

Civil War. The "Official Records of the Rebellion" is an invaluable reproduction (in 128 volumes, the last one published thirty-six years after the war) of pertinent documents, but not a critical appraisal nor a narrative. The "Battles and Leaders" series, written in narrative form, was a private venture.

Spanish War. There was awareness in official circles that some such thing as a properly documented official history was desirable, and the project reached the point of typing a documental record; even this was never printed.

World War I. There was in 1919 an admirable program for the preparation by the General Staff's Historical Branch of that day, of a comprehensive official history of the war in seventeen volumes. In the *American Historical Review* of July 1919, one of the planners modestly said that "we make no claim that we shall say the last word." Alas, they never got to say the first word. A later decision from on high ordered the historians to forget their ambitious narrative altogether, and concentrate on a publication of documents. Even for this, however, funds were not supplied (gentlemen, take warning!) and hence the official narrative is still non-existent; even the selected-document publication, invaluable for all historical study, exists today only as a typed manuscript of some 15,000,000 words still awaiting conversion by the printer. There is a two-volume "Order of Battle" to be sure, but it is a mere barebones of data; also the excellent but modest book of statistical records prepared by the late Leonard Ayres.

Against that gloomy background of past neglect shines brightly today's project for a full, factual, documented

(*Continued on page 28*)

2. Hindsight

By FRED SMITH

THE UNITED States Printing Office has recently published the first in a series of reports on War Administration;* the first fruit of an historical committee appointed by the late Harold D. Smith, then director of the Bureau of the Budget, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. The reporting of World War I administration, the committee explains, was neither systematic nor analytical, and the idea was to avoid a repetition of this neglect "and provide a store of information that might be of value in any future period of national emergency." This book, therefore, is intended to be filed for future reference.

Those observers who spent the war years wondering at the blundering on the administrative front, will be surprised to find that the succession of agencies, committees, alphabetical groups, bosses, czars, and projects was as orderly, at least in theory, as a fire drill. The trouble with you, apparently, was that you couldn't see the forest for the trees. This is a description of the forest — by foresters.

President Roosevelt, in a remarkable demonstration of practical politics (or perhaps political wisdom), had the good sense to appoint the late Mr. Smith of the Bureau of the Budget as an organizational head and general arbiter of the Government's war-time organization. The sprawling agencies of the Government, temporary and permanent, all exceedingly ambitious to run the war single-handed, might not willingly cooperate with any administrative director, but it helped considerably to pick the one man who had (through his capacity to ask or fail to ask for Federal funds to keep an agency operative) the power of life and death and the reputation of being willing to use that power if he felt it necessary.

THE UNITED STATES AT WAR. By the Committee on Records of War Administration. Washington, D. C.: Bureau of the Budget. 1947. 519 pp. $1.

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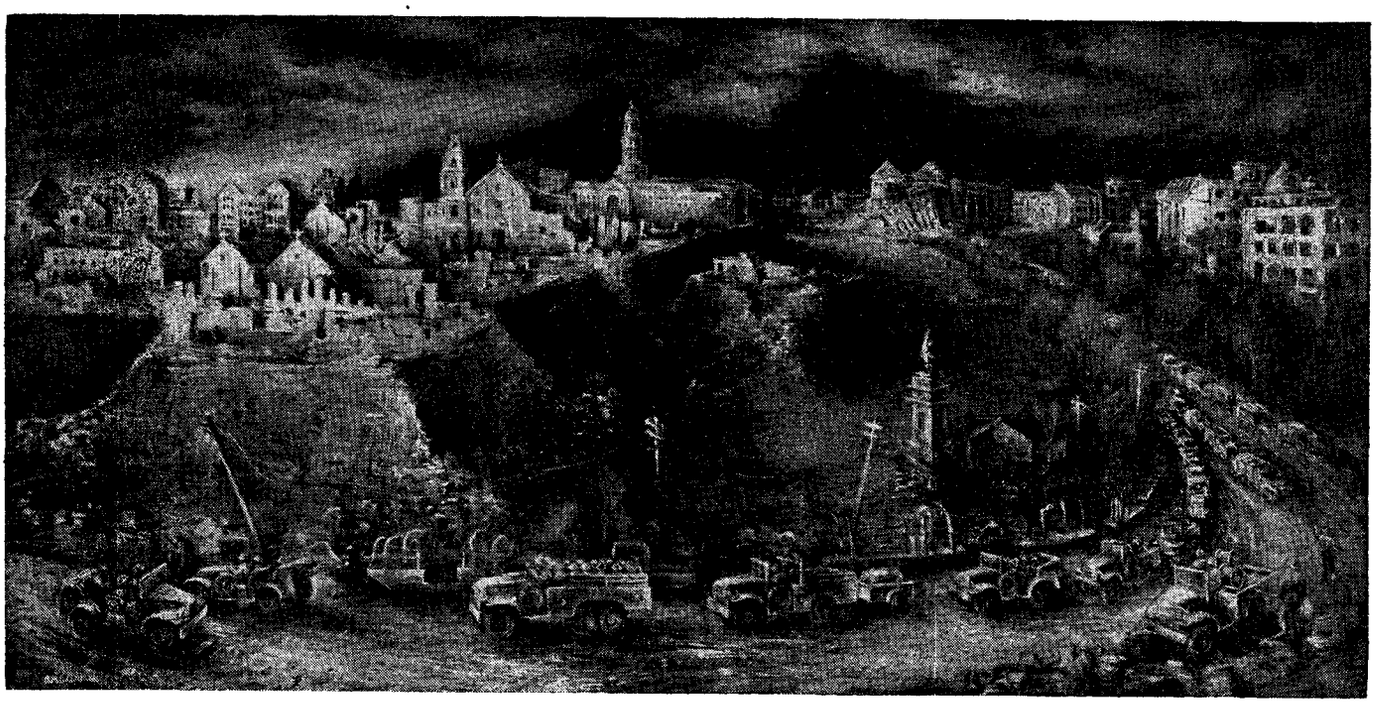

"Manila Retaken." —*Frede Vidar.*

Fortunately, Mr. Smith was an able administrator and organizer.

The picture which Mr. Smith's men present in this book, clear and brilliant as it is, is not quite the whole picture. Had Mr. Smith been running the war exclusively, it might have looked from the outside more like the picture presented in this 555-page document. But Mr. Smith's well-pruned forest was surrounded by scrub timber, and overgrown with a jungle of conflicting projects and sideshows. Even the threat of his check book was not enough to police all fronts at all times. Mr. Morgenthau, Mr. Wallace, Mr. Stimson, Mr. Hull, and Mr. Knox were all determined, in so far as they could escape the ire of Mr. Smith's scouts, to win the war in their own way. And we will overlook the occasional well-heeled, dollar-a-year industrialist whose battery of press agents had convinced him that he must lead the multitude out of the wilderness; or the advertising man, for example, whose genius for keeping on the sunny side of an Evan Llewellyn Evans was, in his mind, evidence that he had a brilliant talent for international policy.

TAKE Mr. Morgenthau, who, either directly or through such able assistants as Dr. Harry White, created such vital organizational structures as lend-lease, foreign funds control, the foreign purchasing commissions, and the war savings organization which at one time involved nearly six million people. Yet, Mr. Morgenthau, who was able to circumvent Mr. Smith more often than most because of his close friendship with F. D. R., is mentioned just twice in the book; that makes him two-thirds as important as Robert Horton, a Government press agent, who is mentioned three times. Reference is made to Morgenthau first in connection with the Bureau of the Budget's formula for fighting inflation (which, the book fails to point out, was not exactly the "official" program, and certainly not the only program). A few pages later, Morgenthau is mentioned again, for the second and last time. Both references to the Secretary indicate that "The United States at War" has a tendency to mix historical fact with an occasional sly touch of editorial opinion. However, this makes the book more interesting to read. And it is enlightening in this connection to note that these reports, ostensibly the official creation of such outstanding individuals as (among others) Waldo Leland, director of the American Council of Learned Societies; Archibald MacLeish, Librarian of Congress; Arthur Schlesinger, professor of history at Harvard University; George A. Graham, professor of politics at Princeton University; Luther Gulick, president of the American Society for Public Administration, and Harold W. Stoke, president of the University of New Hampshire, are, actually, the work of eight authors, mostly unheralded: Ethan P. Allen, Clarence H. Danhof, Harold F. Gosnell; Luther Gulick, Elias Huzar, V. O. Key, Jr., Donald H. Morrison, and Lloyd G. Reynolds. Since no explanation is made about who these gentlemen may be, or what might be their qualifications (except, of course, Mr. Gulick, who is also a member of the committee), it may be safely assumed that their proximity to the Bureau of the Budget gave them ample opportunity to observe the pattern of the planned economy without becoming confused (as you were) with the scrub oaks, jungles, and side shows.

But to return to the book, it is divided into three sections—"Prelude to War," "Defensive War," and "Full Tide of War."

Part I, the "Prelude to War," is largely a story of war moving toward the United States, with the earliest gropings towards domestic war organization superimposed upon this canvas. As a source for future historians of things which many people wish now they hadn't said, this section will prove invaluable. For example, about enlarging the Navy:

> The modest recommendations by the President were adopted in substance by the Congress only after long discussion. The hearings . . . indicated the beliefs of those who opposed greater preparedness. One type of belief was that "a wholly abnormal naval building program" would "intensify international tensions and distrust." Others opposed increasing the Navy "until the American people know what lies behind the increase and what is our present foreign policy." Others believed that the President had "set out on the road to collective action or quarantine that leads to war."

On the conscription issue, a "distinguished Senator" is quoted:

> Mr. President, were I to be a party to riveting shackles of militarism upon the American people, and superimposing upon the American people in time of peace the damnable system of conscription

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Lush for Life

THE STORY OF MRS. MURPHY. By Natalie Anderson Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 445 pp. $3.

Reviewed by MARGARET B. HEXTER

NOT the least astounding of the many astounding things about "The Story of Mrs. Murphy" is the fact that it was written by a woman. When the blurb-writer speaks of her "virility," he is not guilty of a solecism, for Miss Scott exhibits a boldness of imagination, a force of presentation, a clarity of vision unblurred by sentiment that are unmatched by more than a few male novelists, and by no other woman who comes to mind. "The Story of Mrs. Murphy" makes an instant bid for inclusion on the small shelf of masterpieces headed by "Moll Flanders" and coming down through the works of the great Russian and French naturalists to our own Dreiser and Farrell. To one writing under the immediate influence of its powerful impact, the temptation to hail it the best of the lot is almost uncontrollably strong.

"The Story of Mrs. Murphy" is not the story of Mrs. Murphy at all, but the story of James Murphy, "lush." (One brushes aside as an archness quite out of keeping with Miss Scott's forthrightness the explanation that the "Mrs. Murphy" of the title is the bottle which was the only love of Jimmy's life.) It is, if the expression be pardonable, the definitive fictionalization of an alcoholic. As such it naturally brings to mind that best seller of a few seasons back, "The Lost Week-End." The similarity between the two books begins and ends with the fact that in both a chronic drinker is the central character. Charles Jackson, concentrating on a couple of days in the life of his protagonist, filling virtually the whole of his canvas with that single figure, produced a book which because of its narrowly delimited scope, remained, for all the brilliance of his technique, essentially a tour de force. Miss Scott, painting with no less sure a hand on a far broader canvas, carrying her Jimmy from early manhood, before his addiction had become inveterate, through years of accelerating disintegration to his degraded death in early middle age, surrounding him with a galaxy of living characters, and making frequent shifts of milieu, has created a work of incomparably greater diversity and density—a work, in short, of far deeper and more enduring significance.

One hardly knows which is the more extraordinary, Miss Scott's power to create character or to convey atmosphere. Actually so exact is her art, this is an artificial dichotomy, for her people make their own atmosphere or, conversely, the atmosphere is the reflection of her people. When she is depicting the life of the Murphys—Jimmy is one of six children of a respectable Irish-American family—she challenges Farrell on his own ground. When Jimmy sinks to the derelict level, wallowing with other outcasts in bars and flop-houses, panhandling, filching, sleeping on sidewalks, she rivals Gorki. While her focus is always on Jimmy, it is Jimmy in relation to other characters as alive, many of them almost as completely realized, as Jimmy himself; it is Jimmy against a variety of backgrounds, from simple genre through Hogarthian grotesque to Goyesque macabre—and all unforgettable.

But, for all its plenitude of successes, the book's major triumph is the portrayal of its central figure. Miss Scott is too great an artist to lack compassion, but on the other hand, she permits herself to show no trace of pity or of condemnation. Following Othello's injunction, she does "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice." In more modern parlance, hers is the objectivity of a candid camera. Training it on her subject from a thousand angles, she catches him down to the last, the tiniest detail, and prints her snapshots without retouching. It is impossible to surmise whether, in her conception alcoholism is a vice or a disease. Nor does it matter. Let others psychoanalyze Jimmy. She has created him. There he is in all his life-likeness, with his winning good looks, Irish buoyancy, superficial intelligence, facile generosity, and warmth of heart, glossing over his essential narcissism and utter nullity of character, incapable of loving, unworthy of love, yet lovable and greatly loved.

It would have been achievement

THE AUTHOR: "So Brief the Years," Natalie Anderson Scott's first novel, published under her family name, Sokoloff, won her a Bread Loaf Fellowship but indifferent royalties. For luck, she went atavistic with two cognomens from a Scottish strain in her Ukrainian-Cossack ancestry and produced "The Sisters Livingston"—still no surtax problem. While writing it, however, she was absorbing the tradition of Irish-American friends in New York, visiting Bowery saloons under auspices of an amiable policeman, and pumping psychiatrists about alcoholism. Result: "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," July Book-of-the-Month choice, already in its second printing, with Hollywood covetous. Miss Scott's family emigrated to London from her birthplace in Ekaterinaslav (now Dnepropetrovsk) when she was a year old. She and her sister Nina, a ballet dancer, attended Godolphyn, Lattimer, and Lady Margaret's School in England until they came to America, settling first in Ohio, then New Jersey. Duty called her father, an engineer and old-school liberal, to Petrograd, where civil war was raging. They escaped, living successively in Warsaw, Paris, and Italy. Back in the States, she studied at the Art Students' League, wrote for *Adventure* magazine, tried to select a career from her twin talents. She's tall, blonde with Garbo-like, sensitively chiseled features, serene, serious, shy but spontaneously friendly. In leaner days she read for the movies, clerked in gift and pastry shops. She still delights in the theatre, legitimate and celluloid. Cloistered when writing, she has a gift for projecting a plot replete with detail before typing a word. Her next, "The Husband," will recite the history of a marriage in a New England colonial setting. "I should like each of my books to deal with some human whose virtues and particular faults are universal," she says.

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enough to have succeeded so thoroughly in the immensely difficult assignment of creating this charming heel, but Miss Scott has done more. Jimmy Murphy, besides being a brilliant individual characterization, is a type. In tracing his course, the author has thrown a searchlight into some of the darkest alley-ways of modern urban life, revealing without squeamishness a sordidness at which even most sophisticates have barely guessed. With her complete lack of the tendentiousness so characteristic of contemporary naturalist writers, no word of social comment escapes her. Nevertheless, "The Story of Mrs. Murphy," in addition to being a *chef-d'oeuvre* of fiction, is an important sociological document.

A Lilt on Long Island

GIVE US OUR DREAM. By Arthemise Goertz. New York: Whittlesey House. 1947. 298 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

"GIVE US OUR DREAM" may be the summer's sunniest and most hilarious novel. It is difficult to think of any recent novel which is so consistently amusing in the best tradition of genuine humor: there is no cleverness, there are no wisecracks—although much wit—there is no berating man's stupidity or society's defects. The humor arises from the clash of affectation with common sense, and from strange and unpredictable human nature itself. Moreover, there is a central philosophic idea of sufficient validity to give strength and sinew to the book, and lift it above mere whimsicality.

The novelist has dared to follow the trite pattern of "Grand Hotel" and reveal to us the cross-currents of life in a small apartment house on a drab corner of a Long Island suburb just twenty minutes from Times Square. But "Give Us Our Dream" is no warmed-over cabbage, and one reads it with delight, forgetting its hundred predecessors. The central figure is the amazing Mrs. Marsan, a hearty, cheerful busybody with a limitless zest for life and a firm determination to lead those about her to maintain their dream. Although she pries into every cloud, she is struck by no thunderbolt. The novel was written during the author's lonely months when the war struck savagely into her own family, and no doubt expresses her fight to regain a sane and workable philosophy. Of Mrs. Marsan she says:

> I want my characters to tell people what these years have proved to me: that nobody is ever alone in the dark, that the human heart is not merely a muscle, and that life and living are two different things. Each individual in the book has a different idea of "living" but Mrs. Marsan's was the simplest and best because it required no capital, college degree, or coat-of-arms. What it required everybody has but not everybody uses.

Arthemise Goertz may have written the summer's suniest and most hilarious novel.

The reader need not fear that the result is an "inspiration" fable: the book is too crammed with human frailty and irreverence, and is free of all piety and moralizing—except in Mrs. Marsan's scrapbook, where are pasted gems of wisdom from Edgar Guest and other such journalists. These platitudes and banalities have a core of common sense which coincides with her uncomplicated views.

Mrs. Marsan is the joyous victim of insomnia, and sits by the window in her darkened room hours on end watching through her opera glasses the fascinating panorama of night-life in the tavern across the street, the parking lot, and the filling station. She has no patience with people who read detective stories or take sedatives. They have the "gift of wakefulness and they throw it in the garbage." To a distracted young widow she gives a shock treatment to free her from extravagant, selfish grief; a born matchmaker, she directs cupid into sensible paths; a humorless political radical learns through her that a cold dialectic provides a very incomplete answer to many real problems of human beings. The characters are individuals, not freaks or "special cases." The harmlessly insane former opera singer is grandly comic—she makes us understand with a sense of guilt why the Elizabethans were amused by Bedlam; the haughty Adrian, grimly and relentlessly in pursuit of Culture, knows all and understands nothing, but Mrs. Marsan makes us see her as pathetic, not despicable. One must compliment the novelist on the creation of Mrs. Marsan, an aging Mrs. Fixit, who ordinarily would be insufferable as a catalyst of Good Deeds in this small melting pot; but she does all in high zest and is as amoral as Lady, her carefree dog. Lady seems to this reviewer the most notable addition to caninical literature since Hugh Walpole's Hamlet.

The story passes swiftly from one vivid episode to another—most of them very funny indeed; the grand coffee-party, with Adrian's arty talk, Mrs. Marsan's malapropisms, and Jessamine's mad, irrelevant comments; the innocently wicked scene in which Mrs. Marsan informs the preacher concerning real Christianity; the hilarious reading aloud of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" with the sound literary criticism of the cleaning woman, who is listening; the astounding history of Lady's courtship, pregnancy, and lavish motherhood—one could summarize the whole book at this point. But it is much better to read this novel than a summary of it.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 210

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 210 *will be found in the next issue.*

FWLBRKTZC FWK ZV HK

FDVNMKM; ZOKP FWK

FEGFPC DBELFW FTM VQZKT

AVTDNTANTL.

VCAFW GNEMK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 209

What a stupid thing is an old man learning an alphabet.

MICHEL DE MONTAIGNE
Essays.

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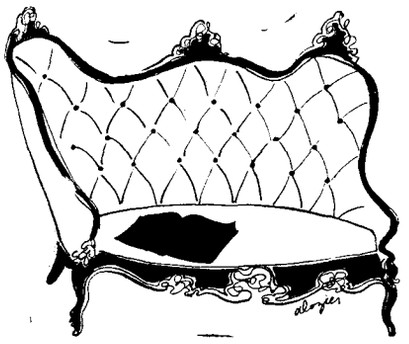
Victorian Museum Piece

THE SEMI-ATTACHED COUPLE. By Emily Eden. New York: Houghton Mifflin. 1947. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by ROSEMARY C. BENÉT



THIS is a museum piece and a fine one; a revival and an amusing one. Reading it is like finding a charming piece of Victorian furniture, a piece you had forgotten you ever had, stowed away in an attic. Here we have not an imitation nineteenth-century novel, but the real thing. "The Semi-Attached Couple" was first published in 1860, and Emily Eden wrote it some thirty years before that. The manuscript lay for two or three decades (it was a leisurely time!) in a desk drawer before it got into print and, in her brief preface to the first edition, the author spoke of its being even then "a strange Chronicle of the Olden Time." The Honorable Emily Eden wrote only two novels, "The Semi-Attached Couple" and "The Semi-Detached House," and this is the better one of the two. Whoever had the idea of resurrecting "The Semi-Attached Couple" and presenting it in this charming form had a pleasant inspiration.

The introduction is by the author's well-known kinsman, the Right Honorable Anthony Eden, who gives Aunt Emily a hand. "To read 'The Semi-Attached Couple' again is to get a glimpse of the social history of an England of which scarcely a vestige remains," he says, and that is quite true. The flocks of servants, the barouches, the elegant existence, the formal entertaining, the big estates, the unhurried life, all are here. There is nothing to worry about except marrying off the daughters to suitably rich men.

I have just one quarrel here. *Why* must we read on the jacket "Jane Austen deserves everything that is said about her, but still she was only a country girl. Her world was the village and the parsonage, the squire and the vicar." Then we are told rather snobbishly that Emily Eden was a part of the great world *she* wrote about, not merely a spectator, "being daughter of the first Lord Auckland, niece of the last colonial Governor of Maryland, sister of a Governor General of India." That belittling phrase *only a country girl* will enrage every Jane-ite living and rightly too. The only answer is, "What of it?," since she was Jane. For that matter Shakespeare was a country boy and we might as well say, "What can a man from Stratford know about the Court of Denmark?"

The real reason that the Eden-Austen comparison is unfortunate, however, is that it emphasizes a fact that it would be well not to stress, that Eden is not up to Austen and that "The Semi-Attached Couple" is quite a bit like a lesser "Pride and Prejudice."

The opening scene is very similar, substituting Douglas for Bennet. Indeed the whole plot is that of "Pride and Prejudice," being concerned largely with marrying off the Douglas and Eskdale daughters. Lord Teviot has a Darcy-like rudeness but he is over-done. Vain, tactless Lady Portmore would find much in common with Lady Catherine de Bourgh, but she is indicated with wider strokes and is cartooned where Jane Austen's version would have been subtler. On the other hand, Emily Eden does do a fine picture of a pert lady's maid, Mrs. Tomkinson, and includes her remarkable correspondence with the housekeeper of Eskdale Castle, "Me and my lady are quite well." Mrs. Tomkinson is provoked because Lord Teviot can never remember her name and usually compromises by calling her Mrs. Tomkins. Every now and then we find a nice Eden phrase, "A little crooked woman with an unpretending manner and a mistaken bonnet," and again for the gentlemen, "How I hate those London sort of men, with their mustachios and chains and offensive waistcoats and Lord Teviot is one of the worst specimens I ever saw of this kind." The turn of the plot is resolved by that most Victorian device, a fever and a bedside reconciliation, all most affecting and unlikely and in key with the rest.

No, this is pleasant in its own right. Emily Eden is not Jane Austen, though she would like to be. She has her own gifts, her own charm. This is a straight bit of English nineteenth-century high-life with a dash of romance. The book itself is prettily presented with a gay jacket and sketches in the right mood by Susanne Suba. It is delightful to find this little period piece set down sweetly among the ruthless horrors of our current fiction. I wish that more such resurrecting were done.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

TWINS IN LITERATURE

Do you remember these famous literary twins? Allowing five points if you can name either twin and another five for the story in which he appears, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers are on page 24.

1. The first of the March girls to marry surprised her husband with these most precocious twins.
2. These warm-hearted, generous, and kind old gentlemen were wealthy London merchants who were always ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate.
3. So identical were these twins that they were distinguishable only by having their names embroidered on their collars.
4. While one twin was summoning Sherlock Holmes to a conference about a newly discovered buried treasure, the other twin was murdered and the treasure stolen.
5. One of these twins was king of France, while the other one was an ill-treated prisoner in the Bastille.
6. These red-headed Georgia twins, who were amicably in love with the belle of the county, were among the first to join the Confederate troops and died together at Gettysburg.
7. A constant quarrel between a Jew and an Irishman who were related by the marriage of their children was ended when the children had twins, a boy and a girl.
8. When his twin sister was stricken with catalepsy, this brother buried her alive in the family vault under the house.
9. These twins, about to undergo a dangerous operation by a famed specialist, were the first suspects when the doctor was found murdered.
10. Separated in infancy, these twin brothers (both bearing the same given name) had twin servants (both bearing the same name), and great confusion resulted when they all appeared at various times in the same town.

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Toeing the "Party-Line"

THE DARK SHIP. By Richard O. Boyer. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1947. 306 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by HERBERT HARRIS

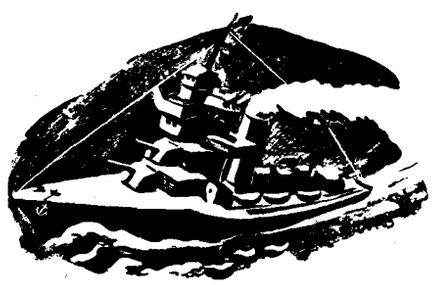
A COMPETENT and often engaging reporter, as his *New Yorker* profiles attest, Mr. Boyer has in this case apparently sold his birthright for a mess of Stalinist pottage, all sauced up to pass for lobster Newburgh among the unwary and the uninitiated. This is too bad. For many of his observations in this account of his own journey across the North Atlantic aboard the troop-carrying *Marquette,* together with his comments on the development and behavior of the National Maritime Union (CIO), are extremely interesting and informative.

When he sticks to the better-known facts about the NMU, which is the world's largest union of seamen with a rank-and-file as polyglot and international as the United Nations, and which includes virtually all members of a ship's crew, from oiler to cook, he is safe enough as a guide. It is a matter of record that the NMU has raised the average monthly wage for the United States merchant mariner from $25 to $196.50; that it has abolished black-lists and labor spies and maggoty food and crowded fetid quarters, and that it has done much to overcome a Captain Bligh psychology on the part of ship owners and ship officers alike. It is equally true that the NMU's hiring halls and educational courses are models of their kind. But it is not true that the NMU is the collection of labor-day saints and crusaders that Mr. Boyer makes it out to be. To be sure, there are courageous and even dedicated men in the NMU, but it also contains its share of cheap connivers and careerists and plain s.o.b's who somehow evaded Mr. Boyer's scrutiny. Above all, the NMU is ridden and rotten with Communists, a situation that Mr. Boyer prefers to ignore. When, for example, he attributes the founding of the NMU to a group of sixty-three militant sailors from the *California,* in 1936, he merely indulges in myth-making. From the outset, the NMU was established, nourished, and dominated by the Communist Party, and today remains its most successful effort to build a union that would fuse service to the Politboro with improvement in job conditions.

Certainly the NMU has followed the flips, flops, and cartwheels of the "party-line" with acrobatic fidelity. It denounced Roosevelt as an imperialist war-monger before the Nazis invaded Russia. Immediately thereafter, it extolled him as the hero of the common man's fight for freedom. Now, a kind of defense, or at least an apologia can be advanced for such "the-end-justifies-the-means" applications of Leninist doctrine. But it should be an out-in-the-open affair, instead of the constant and devious attempt to kid the customers—an attempt that Mr. Boyer typifies.

It is perhaps this confusion of the confuser that explains Mr. Boyer's rhapsodical and sophomoric description of what unionism means to the average worker. In speaking about the growth of the labor movement under the New Deal, he declares:

> The ancient American shibboleths of success—save your money, keep your shoes shined, and get to work on time—were being replaced by newer precepts: never pass a picket line, in unity there is strength, and other variations of the statement that individual success can only be attained by collective struggle.



To many, he adds, the word union "had a majestic ring that summarized a complete and a noble philosophy." He then continues that "nobility and initiative and growth were inevitable currents stimulating all when all were engaged in a fight that took as much courage, wisdom, and hardihood as all could collectively summon."

It might be an excellent thing if all this altruism were the mainspring of United States unionism. It is one fitful ingredient, of course, all but submerged by many others. Indeed, for the overwhelming majority of union dues-payers, AFL or CIO or whatever, the union is not the way of life that Mr. Boyer wants us to believe it is; nor is that unionism a source of cultural enlightenment, on the whole, nor of personal redemption, as he implies. It is rather a bread-and-butter device. The American worker is a unionist when it comes to wages and working conditions. But he is an individualist with overtones of the anarchical when it comes to the FEPC, or world government of the good life. He rarely attends the meetings of his local or registers for whatever educational program the union offers, or reads its press. In short, on this book's evidence, Mr. Boyer, if not a fellow traveler, is at least eligible for membership in the fellow travelers aid society.

Herbert Harris is the author of "American Labor." His reports and studies on economic affairs have been published by the Twentieth Century Fund and the Brookings Institute.

Nazis at the Volga

THE YEAR OF STALINGRAD. By Alexander Werth. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1947. 476 *pp.* $6.

Reviewed by ROGER DOW

SOMEWHERE in Russia there may be a more detailed account of the Battle of Stalingrad than Alexander Werth's, but there will probably never be one in English to match it in length or detail. As one of the decisive battles of the war, and of all the battles the most spectacular, Stalingrad deserves and requires detailed study, but at least a third of Mr. Werth's minutiae could have been left out to the improvement of the book.

This is actually a continuation of his "Moscow War Diary" and "Leningrad" and might be considered volume three of Werth's History of the Great Patriotic War. The first seventy-five pages are concerned with getting him from England to Moscow by way of the northern passage. The hazards of a sea voyage to Murmansk in the winter of 1941-42 are given neat, horror piled on horror. And Werth's trip was less eventful than many, because most of the convoy got through.

He does not reach Stalingrad in his account until about page 200, and not in person until the last chapter, so this is not a personal account. But Moscow was an excellent observation post for a study of the siege that marked the high tide of the Nazi War in the East. The details are often new but the general picture is not, and none of Werth's details changes the general conception of the campaign that Americans have had all along. The one great question that has seldom been asked and never answered is not even considered by Werth: How did the Nazis happen to get to Stalingrad anyway? How did it happen that for the first time since the Tartars were defeated in the thirteenth century an enemy stood on the banks of the Volga? Was Hitler so much better than Charles XII or Napoleon that he could penetrate 500 miles farther into Russia than either of them?

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Deutschland Unter Alles

NUREMBERG DIARY. By G. M. Gilbert. New York: Farrar, Straus & Co. 1947. 461 pp. + Index. $5.

Reviewed by
RICHARD M. BRICKNER, M.D.

THIS valuable contribution results from the intimate experiences of Captain Gilbert, psychologist, with the top war criminals of Germany during their trial. Possessed of a thorough knowledge of German, Captain Gilbert was able to deal with these people freely in their own idiom and to listen to their conversations among themselves during the lunch hour recess and after the day's session was over. He gives particularly vivid pictures of the ultra-narcissistic child Goering, the near-psychotic Hess, the unstable hypomanic Frank, the opportunistic, psychoneurotic Ribbentrop, the typical Prussian army officer Keitel, and the stupid, psychopathic Streicher.

Goering struts around, glowing in the limelight, preoccupied with his importance at the trial, trying to remain the leader:

> Everybody has to die sooner or later.—And if I can have the chance to die as a martyr, why so much the better. Do you think everybody has that chance? If I can have my bones put in a marble casket, that is, after all, a lot more than most people achieve. Of course, it may not even be my own bones. It is the same as Napoleon and Frederick the Great—the French have robbed their graves a dozen times —or like the pieces of wood from the True Cross. I've always said that if you put all the pieces of wood from the "True Cross" together you could build a forest—hahaha!

Frank, in a psychoneurotic religious conversion

> reveals spontaneously the latent homosexuality, which, in addition to his ruthless ambition and lack of scruple, drove him to follow and identify himself with the Fuehrer with a passionate enthusiasm that beclouded all reason and legal or humane concepts of human rights. When the evil genius who justified his existence passed out in an orgy of blood, destruction, and shame, he disassociated himself from this intolerable picture of his ego, went into religious ecstasy, renounced the world and his evil self as well as the evil figure who seduced him; but left his diaries behind, because complete extinction was intolerable to his ego and the evidence of his guilt also served a masochistic need.

Ribbentrop fumbles, complains about the shortness of time allowed for preparing defense, still ignited by the memory of Hitler.

Keitel, with his insightless, legalistic military code, whines:

> I can only say I was brought up in the Prussian officer's tradition to obey orders with honor and loyalty. God knows how honorable and immaculate and incorruptible the Prussian Officer's Corps was!—A code of honor that was the pride of the nation ever since Bismarck, and had a fine tradition going back to Frederick the Great! Why, if an officer didn't pay a debt of twenty-five marks he was arrested and disgraced. Why, it never occurred to me that Hitler had any other code. The first thing you saw in his office was a marble statuette of Frederick the Great and paintings of Bismarck and Hindenburg. I can only say that I obeyed him in good faith, and now that I see where it has brought me, I can only say that my loyalty and faith have been betrayed!

Of the twenty-two people, it might be said that only five — Fritzsche, Speer, Funk, Frank, and Von Schirach (the last two at times only)—showed any real insight into the horror of what Germany did, and one of those, Frank, showed it in a thoroughly neurotic, reactive, unthought-out way. The others were concerned not with the fate of Germany's millions of victims, but with "Germany's shame," (Sauckel, after the atrocity films: "It is a shame! It is a disgrace for us and for our children—and for our children's children"); with their own feelings (Seyss-Inquart—"It gets you. . . . But I can hold out"; Schacht, who himself ended up in a concentration camp, "How dare they make *me* sit there with those *criminals* and watch a film on concentration camp atrocities!"); with the disgraceful spectacle of Germans testifying against Germans, and the "shame" they were experiencing by their identification with the Nazi regime, as in their ostensible astonishment they learned what Germany and the Nazis had been doing to people.

It is to be hoped that Dr. Gilbert's material will be reworked, so as to give us more understanding of these men in terms of what made them the way they are, both as individuals and as products of a culture. As it stands, the book teaches us a lesson in the kinds of leaders apt to be accepted by a people trained to be supine, to picture themselves as "little" and without personal responsibility, to worship authority as such, to seek their own strength in the might of an army they therefore prized. The leaders have many such points of kinship with the people. They are utterly irresponsible, wallowing in their own past authority, but project the blame onto others; they indicate a general sense of persecution at being tried, especially by foreigners, and show little conception of the actual humanity of other people; instead they are aware only of their own loss of status.

Moreover, of these twenty-two people plus Hitler, Himmler, and Ley, at least eight were pathological individuals of whom rational judgment could not be expected. Hitler and Himmler were obviously at least psychopathic, Ley had disease of the frontal lobes of the brain, Hess had been through a paranoid psychotic episode and remained near the border of psychosis, Frank developed a hypomanic reaction with schizoid features, Goering was an infantile, psychopathic drug addict, Ribbentrop a psychoneurotic, Streicher a psychopath.

These are the rulers revered by their own culture and casually accepted by other governments and people as responsible, rational human beings, into whose hands the people of the whole world entrusted their fates.

Richard M. Brickner, New York psychoanalyst is the author of "Is Germany Incurable?"

Temperature

Dilys Bennett Laing

SPRING'S fever soars
to Summer's height.
Up goes the green
mercurial thread.
But note, Nurse,
how in half a night
quicksilver falls
and Summer's dead.

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Nuclear Fission in Lay Language

MEET THE ATOMS. By O. R. Frisch. New York: A. A. Wyn, Inc. 1947. 226 *pp.* $3.

EXPLAINING THE ATOM. By Selig Hecht. New York: The Viking Press. 1947. 195 *pp.* $2.75.

THE ATOMIC STORY. By John W. Campbell. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 297 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by LOUIS N. RIDENOUR

THERE is a surprising lack of overlap in the scope and method of treatment of these three books, though each has the purpose of presenting to the layman a background for the atomic age. It is pleasant to be able further to say that each of the three books is competent and satisfactory, unlike some similar efforts I have had the misfortune of reading. No doubt the reason for this is that the authors are competent.

O. R. Frisch is a nuclear physicist. He is now in charge of the department of nuclear physics in the British Government's atomic energy project. In early 1939, he and Lise Meitner first gave the correct interpretation, in terms of a violent splitting of the uranium atom, to the chemical experiments reported by Hahn and Strassmann. The latter experiments had shown that one of the radioactive substances produced by the neutron bombardment of uranium was chemically identical with the much lighter element barium, and were reported in about those terms. The interpretation of this observation in terms of nuclear fission, though obvious in retrospect, was a major contribution.

Frisch's book, "Meet the Atoms," was begun three years ago, before the achievement of the atomic bomb. The author says:

> I started this book with the idea of showing people that atomic physics was far from bankrupt. After the atomic bomb was launched I felt that the opposite message was more urgent: that atomic physicists are not supermen. Surprisingly enough, I did not have to change the plan of the book.

Since the part of atomic physics which is reasonably well understood is that dealing with the electronic structure of the atom, it is this part which is most fully dealt with in Frisch's book. Only in the last few chapters are the matters directly concerned with atomic energy taken up. This is entirely reasonable in the present state of our knowledge, for our science now deals with nuclear phenomena on an almost entirely descriptive basis. No doubt the next decade or two will see the laws of nuclear structure elucidated with the same completeness and scope as now characterize our understanding of the much grosser atomic structure, but this development has not yet begun. It is unfortunate, in a way, that an immensely important, practical application of nuclear physics has come to light before the subject itself is understood. This has had the effect of making a political affair of basic research, with the unfortunate consequence that progress is greatly retarded.

In her short introduction to Frisch's book, Miss Meitner compares it with Tyndall's classic popular lectures on physics. This is high praise, but it is not unjustified. Perhaps, as a practising physicist, I am not competent to predict the ease with which a layman can understand what Frisch has to say though I think that there should be very little difficulty in understanding it. Frisch does no violence to the facts or the spirit of physics, since he avoids the pitfalls of loose analogy or careless statement, and his book summarizes well a most intensely interesting field of scientific discovery.

Selig Hecht's "Explaining the Atom" is more directly concerned with following "the steps that were taken historically in going from the earliest questions about the nature of common substances to the large-scale liberation of atomic energy." Though Hecht is professionally a biophysicist, he is an intelligent and eclectic scientist, and his understanding of atomic and nuclear phenomena may be the better for being uncluttered with the detailed considerations of the specialist.

Hecht emphasizes that an understanding of the intellectual drama of the developments in physics during the last fifty years requires no apparatus of scholarship. He says:

> My purpose is to supply a background against which people can think and act intelligently on the problems of atomic energy. So long as one supposes that this business is mysterious and secret, one cannot have a just evaluation of our possession and security. . . . I hope that this book will make intelligent voters.

Hecht's book differs from that of Frisch chiefly in that it offers no treatment of those branches of atomic physics which are unnecessary to a fundamental appreciation of the facts of atomic energy. Frisch discusses wave mechanics; Hecht does not. Frisch mentions spectroscopy; Hecht does not. Perhaps it is fair to say that a reader whose interest is less in the intellectual accomplishments of physics and more in the direct background of its practical achievements in the field of atomic energy would prefer Hecht's book, while the reader interested in a fuller appreciation of modern ideas of atomic structure would prefer Frisch's. A genuinely interested reader could try both with pleasure and profit: first Hecht, then Frisch.

"The Atomic Story" is written by John W. Campbell, who is not a pro-

"You're the loveliest collection of atoms and molecules I've ever seen."

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fessional scientist but is engaged in a profession that requires him to take some interest in scientific progress. He is the editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*, a pulp that is actually read by a certain number of highly educated people for its occasional thoughtful stories in which the impact of rapidly developing science on society is more or less intelligently examined. An interesting minor consequence of the present tendency of engineering to press directly on the heels of scientific progress, is the increasing poverty of ideas in the science-fiction field. Jules Verne had it easy; in his day a submarine cruiser, a vehicle that went to the moon, and even a three-month journey around the world were red-hot imaginative notions. Today, some small improvements on wartime German technology will give us a submarine that can stay down indefinitely, men have traveled around the world in something under eighty hours to advertise ball-pointed pens, and the United States armed services are having jurisdictional disputes about the conquest of outer space in the name of national security. Science fiction, if it is not to be pure fantasy, detached altogether from reasonable extrapolation of current scientific ideas, must be drawn from those indications and ideas of current science that have not yet been exploited by technology. Today the gap between science and technology is all but closed, and the latitude offered the writer of science fiction is correspondingly narrow.

Possibly as a result of this trend, Mr. Campbell has now turned his hand to the job of explaining atoms to the layman. His book is longer and more pretentious than either of the others noticed here; he not only undertakes the elucidation of atomic physics, but also makes some remarks about the sociological, political, and philosophical consequences of the liberation of atomic energy. The general result is not too bad. Since Campbell has never formally studied science, his book is full of lax and even downright inaccurate statements. On the other hand, since he is genuinely interested in science and in its influence on the world of men, his banal and mistaken views are often relieved by fresh and ingenious ones.

Most of Campbell's errors are trivial; their importance is that there are so many of them. To name a few, he has Carl Anderson (long an ornament of the Cal Tech physics department) a member of E. O. Lawrence's group at Berkeley. He mentions the professional scientific society, Sigma Chi (how do those longhairs have time for a sweetheart?). He tells us that the critical mass of atomic explosive in a bomb is two pounds, that helium cannot be frozen solid, that uranium is the least stable of atoms, that thorium is less abundant in nature than uranium, that U-235 was separated at Hanford in calutrons, by gaseous diffusion, and by thermal diffusion. And so on.

There are some assertions that seem mistakes in judgment, too. Campbell is bearish on the use of atomic energy for the generation of power or for the propulsion of aircraft, while in the next few pages he suggests that by the use of a nuclear reactor we may learn to make an anti-gravity machine, or a "weightless shield of pure energy" against the penetration of gamma rays. The latter suggestions are fairly harmless moonshine, but there is no reason for pessimism about the proximate development of atomic energy for the obvious applications in central power stations and as motive power for aircraft.

I must not give the impression that "The Atomic Story" is a bad book, for it is not. It is probably as good a book as can be written on the subject by a non-scientist. All in all, this spring's crop of atom books is above average.

Louis N. Ridenour, among the most articulate of younger scientists, wrote the play "The Apocalypse." He was formerly with the radar project.

Conditioning the Legislature

A TWENTIETH CENTURY CONGRESS. By Estes Kefauver and Dr. Jack Levin. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1947. 236 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by THOMAS K. FINLETTER

IT IS a healthy thing for the citizens to worry about Congress; it is especially healthy when one of the most distinguished and useful members of Congress does the worrying.

Estes Kefauver, the representative in the House from the Third District of Tennessee, writing in collaboration with Dr. Jack Levin, has a long list of things he wants done to strengthen Congress. Many of them are fundamental—such as the amendment of the treaty clause of the Constitution and the elimination of seniority in choosing committee chairmen. Some of them are minor—such as setting up voting by electricity and giving additional assistants to Congressmen. But they all add up to a principle: "democratic government can be no stronger or more efficient than its legislative branch"; our legislative branch is not very strong or efficient; the future of the country demands that it get itself into condition without delay.

The problem thus is the familiar one of bringing government up to date in a fast moving time when the things which government has to do are becoming more difficult by leaps and bounds. This is, of course, not just a matter of bringing Congress up to date. There is the Executive side which in its different way is just as important as the Legislature. And there is the equally important matter of the relationship of the two—of getting away from the original plan of having Congress and the Executive check and balance each other so that neither could do much of anything, and of substituting for this negative way of doing things procedures which will make it normal for the two to work together in a common, positive purpose.

Mr. Kefauver's book deals mainly with that part of the problem with which as a member of the House he is most familiar—the strengthening of Congress so that it can do its part in this new framework with the Executive. He does, however, go beyond this into the techniques which are needed to break down the barriers between the Executive and Congress. Some years ago he proposed the well-known Kefauver Resolution which would have Cabinet members and heads of Federal agencies appear on the floors of Congress at a report-and-question period; and the proposal is explained and repeated in this book. New methods of working out collaboration between the administrative agencies and the Congressional committees are put forward. But the main concern is with sharpening up Congress itself.

There is little doubt but that in the times we are coming into the choice is between following counsels such as those in this book, or seriously weakening and possibly destroying the institutions without which self-rule and freedom cannot survive in this country.

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From Thurber to a New Bible

ON JUDGING BOOKS. By Francis Hackett. New York: The John Day Co. 1947. 293 pp. $4.

Reviewed by HORACE REYNOLDS

MR. HACKETT has here collected the reviews and articles he has written during the past three years. The six articles, three of which appeared in the columns of this paper, show a wide variety of topics, from "Odd Man Out," an admirable analysis of Mr. Thurber's work, which enlarges its outer by revealing its inner meaning, to "In Search of an Idiom," in which Mr. Hackett states what he thinks is the prime need of a world seeking peace—a new Bible by the light of which "man's moral standards for personal conduct" can be made universal. If some of these articles, such as the introductory one on judging books in general, are a bit inconclusive, all start thought.

Every big critical road today leads to the specter of Uniformity. That's what sensitive and thoughtful men fear, a world in which they all become mere pins and counters, each one like the other. To Mr. Hackett, as to all men who value individuality, the crucial problem of man today is how to retain the freedom and sanctity of the individual in a society where change in the direction of more cohesiveness has reached a tremendous and accelerating velocity. Mr. Hackett writes always with this problem on his mind.

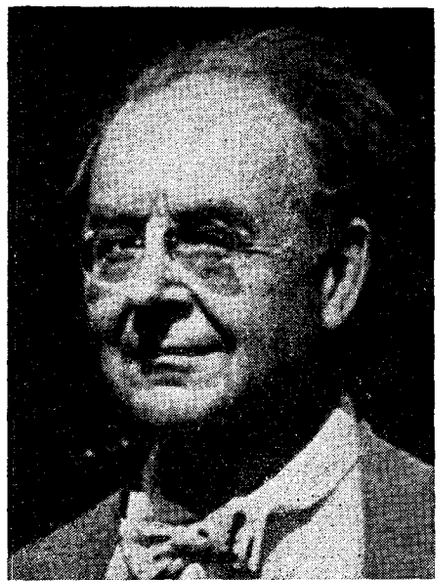
In his reviews he tends to summary, to the admirable method of writing a short piece which will recreate in his reader the effect the book has made on the reviewer. In such a review, criticism is implicit rather than specific. It exists in selection, tone, and emphasis. Thus we find Mr. Hackett, himself a biographer and historian, in his reviews of the lives of Father Matthew, Mozart, Tolstoy, William the Silent, writing what are really thumbnail biographies. His reviews on Russia and other world affairs reveal the humanism and humanity which Mr. Hackett shares with such other Irish journalists as AE, Stephen MacKenna, and Shaw, Mr. Hackett's master and hero. Irishmen view world affairs with imagination. They also see the human nature in them, the man behind the gun.

Mr. Hackett's reviews are almost too shapely. A concern for form can dictate meaning, make a writer reject what he really started out to say in favor of something else that comes more easily out of the mind and goes more smoothly into place. A certain amount of roughness in a review may be proof of its truth and sincerity, evidence that a reviewer is not writing beyond his means.

With the exception of a note on O'Flaherty's "Land," a review of a lamentably poor book in which the reviewer never quite brings himself to the point of saying just that, Mr. Hackett writes on Irish letters with insight and interest. He sees that Frank O'Connor "is developing an art that melts incident into character, so that the stories center on themselves as if perpetuating their own motion." He accuses O'Flaherty of wreaking "his vengeance on life through literature." He savors the special bouquet of "the emotional crisscross caused by the re-export of an imported Lavin," salty, like "The Boston Burglar" ballad, with three trips across the sea.

All literary Irishmen are fond of relating themselves to Joyce, and every literary Irishman knows something about Joyce's work that no one else does, and well he may. Although Mr. Hackett never met Joyce, never had the sound of him, he did go to Joyce's school, Clonges Wood, and he has his clue to "Finnegans Wake." He thinks that the fall and resurrection of national Ireland, not of mankind, led Joyce to begin "Finnegans Wake," though Joyce might well have found Ireland's fate prophetic of that of mankind, the resurrection of national Ireland being as empty as the victors' victory in the late war. There's also more of that theme—the niggers in the woodpile of Ireland's freedom—in Yeats's later work than meets the eye of his symbolism. Yeats may have been young enough after all for Joyce to have influenced him.

Every literary Irishman can be counted on to be witty at the expense of another, and Mr. Hackett is no exception. Of the colossal egoism of Joyce, our interest in all multiples of him, Stephen Dedalus, Stephen Hero, and the voice of "Finnegans Wake," Mr. Hackett says: "Joyce has the gift of multiplying himself, like a plant that grows from slips. Stick a slip of him in print and he grows on you." This, however, doesn't explain why Joyce's egoism is so magnetic, when usually egoism is the reverse of that. "Yeats," Mr. Hackett writes, "began on the marge of shadowy waters, alone and palely loitering," a phrase with a George Moorean fall, which admirably evokes the black shadow of Max Beerbohm's caricature walking alone beside the lake in the Seven Woods.



Francis Hackett "uses the short sentence with the force of an uppercut."

It's a temptation to quote more. Mr. Hackett uses the short sentence with the force of an uppercut. He gets in some lovely jabs. He gives you such surprises as "Miss Wedgwood never forgets that daffodils and high skies are historical documents." He is adept in the art of praise. Yet one of the loveliest things in his book is a bit of criticism by quotation, a passage culled from the artificial flowers of Mr. Ransom's highbrow criticism:

> The poet and the reductive scientist [writes Mr. John Crowe Ransom] have their respective ontological prejudices to look out for. Synecdoche is a way of indicating the irreducibility of the object as a whole by citing some perfectly intractable part, while scientific reduction is a way of indicating the docility or generality of the object by attending only to its commonplace.

Mr. Hackett does not write like that.

Horace Reynolds, former English professor, is author of "A Providence Episode in the Irish Literary Renaissance" and frequent contributor of articles on Anglo-Irish literature.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 691)

THEODORE ROOSEVELT: *TO KERMIT**

(At Groton, April 19, 1908)

I happen to know that the Japanese military party is inclined for war with us and is . . . confident that they could . . . conquer all of the United States west of the Rockies. I fully believe that they would in the end pay dearly for this.

**From "Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt," edited by Will Irwin, 1946.*

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English Poet-Critic-Philosopher

THE INNOCENT EYE. By Herbert Read. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 268 pp. $3.50.

Reviewed by RICHARD MCLAUGHLIN

FEW WRITERS manage to give the impression of having lived so richly, so fully, and yet with such deep awareness, as Herbert Read writing in autobiographical vein. An English poet, critic, and philosopher, Read's versatility has been the topic of much discussion, pro and con. There are those who hail him as not only one of the most notably pervasive influences upon his age but a genius too fertile to be constrained within the categories of one art. He is comparatively unknown by the general reading public in this country. Still, it is only in recent years that Read has been read by any but an intellectual politico-literary group in his own native land. There is also the chance that Read has excelled in far too many fields for recognition by a vast public to have yet reached him in any one field.

As a poet, some of his own countrymen are apt to express disappointment, treating his poems as by-products, expecting him to be so much better than he is. On the other hand, a number of Read's fellow poets and critics have gone to great lengths recently to reconsider his work, rejoicing that his strength and purity of vision have not wavered with changing fashions in art. Perhaps his refusal to put forth modishness and mannerism at the expense of modesty and permanence is one of the main reasons for Read's poetry ever being labeled "unfashionable." Another reason may be a psychological one, springing from the reader's own sense of embarrassment, for Read, in his poetry, as well as in this fine example of his prose, shows an almost uncomfortable talent for bringing us up with a nostalgic jolt against our own childhood fantasies and innocence.

Read's prose has been described as being "at home in the cow-shed as in the lecture-room." This is proof of its elasticity, its vast warmth and childlike simplicity. And it is this childlike state which goes to make up the basic tenets of Read's philosophy. The child's eye sees truth because it is innocent; it therefore becomes the artist's task to recover that innocence and thus recapture the vision of truth. Read, believing that every man has his own inner truth, his own fantasy or myth to be fulfilled, feels that only with the innocent eye will he fulfill it. One of the most characteristic passages in "The Innocent Eye" is where he says, "The only real experiences in life are those lived with a virgin sensibility—so that we only hear a tone once, only see a color once, see, hear, touch, taste, and smell everything once, the first time."

It has been pointed out that Herbert Read owes more to the memories of childhood and to the scenes of his breeding than most of his literary colleagues. Read, however, says himself that there was nothing very exceptional in the circumstances of his childhood, it being like that of any farmer's son in the remote English countryside of the time. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Herbert Read grew up on a Yorkshire farm which, unlike many an Iowa or Minnesota farm, has hardly ever been remarkable for producing or molding literary giants. Read's critics find cause to applaud his peasant descent, discovering in his sturdy Yorkshire forebears an explanation for his deep respect for the laws of nature. And it it as though Read were obeying these primary laws of nature when he writes; for rhythm, balance, precision, economy, are all observed in his clear, intuitive, restrained prose.

Read spent the first nine idyllic years on his father's Yorkshire farm. Here childish wonder in first sensations encompassed the four kingdoms of the farm—the Green, the Orchard, the Foldgarth, the Stackyard. In the blacksmith shop and the saddle-room he first experienced the joy of making things. Although surrounded by the earth stirring with growth and beasts propagating their kind, many such natural things passed unobserved. Sentiment had no place in this world. Here the green heart was allowed to harden against future pains. Pity and terror were non-existent emotions, so that the searing of horses' tails, the killing of poultry, the birth of cattle, even the lewdness of a half-witted laborer, were witnessed with "child-godly passivity." Occasional excursions from the farm eventually introduced into the range of experience the abbey, the church, and the mill. But it was the Attic which encouraged the zest for exploration, and led to unearthing such untold treasures as two bound volumes of the *Illustrated London News* for the year of the Great Exhibition, full of steel engravings of the period. The only other reading matter in the farmhouse was a miscellaneous collection of boxed volumes of sermons and devotionals and the *Yorkshire Post* delivered by the postman. Nor did a lurid pink periodical called *The Police Gazette*, passed on by the sympathetic postman, appease this early untutored interest in books. Read found that "its contents did not have any of the reality of the fairy world."

It is in the first section of this book—"The Innocent Eye"—that we find Herbert Read's most perfect writing. The later sections which deal with his life in an orphanage school where the regimen was Spartan; working in a savings bank in Leeds and reading omnivorously, at night, everything he could lay his hands on; or attending the University of Leeds; or encountering the brutal realities of World War I—are absorbing and deeply revealing for the light they throw on his character and development.

Like Proust and the incident of the madeline dipped in tea, Read sometimes touches eternity, describing for us moments which lift us completely out of this drab world. He finds a withered stem of honesty, and shells the pods between thumb and finger—silver pennies, which grew between the fragrant currant bushes. They carry sensations direct to him from a moment thirty years ago:

> As they expand in my mind, they carry everything in their widening circle—the low crisp box-hedge which would be at my feet, the pear trees on the wall behind me, the potato-flowers on the patch beyond the bushes, the ivy-clad privy at the end of the path, the cow pasture, the fairy rings—everything shimmers for a second on the expanding rim of my memory.

Through such a passage can we trace the extent of Read's greatness and understand the inspiration behind his message—which is one of hope that "The Kingdom of God, which is within, may some day be manifest in the outer world."

Richard McLaughlin was book commentator over BBC to the American Forces in Europe. He writes for slick and literary periodicals, and lectures and broadcasts.

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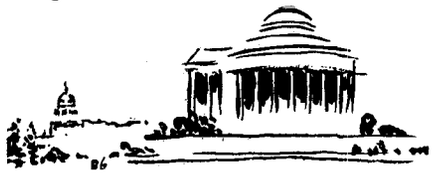
Prophetic Voices

IN THE realm of the spoken or the written word a surprising event has happened in this country within the last few months. It is the herald of a change that no one would have predicted or have hoped for, of an alteration in the temper of the nation of such magnitude and of so much meaning to the world and to ourselves that it should be proclaimed while it is still beyond the threshold of the average man's consciousness. Like all changes of thought in a free country it has not been produced from any center of propaganda, the stupid and insulting hand-outs of manufactured opinion, or from those rival elements of labor or management, from Socialists or Communists or economic royalists, or from government itself. It has appeared, blown by the wind in less than half a year; an editorial in a country newspaper, an article in *Harper's Magazine;* its reprint in *The Reader's Digest,* an occasional columnist's outburst, a prophetic book, a voice or two over the radio; it has come from scores of sources, and more than three months ago from the editorial page of this magazine.

And what is this phenomenon? It is a new and for a long time unheard of American militant patriotism; militant but not chauvinistic; armored but not bellicose. Its origin lies in our pride, even our exultation in our victory over forces that might have destroyed the world we live in. But it is deeper and nobler than the chant of barbarism over the bodies of slain enemies.

It is the natural instinct of the people of this country, once it has emerged from a war, to turn our backs on it as from a disagreeable and dirty job, alien to our nature; and then to blame whatever forces we can conjure up as guilty of involving us in it. After the First World War, which we entered tardily, but which it is possible to conceive was won by the weight of our armor and manpower, we blamed our involvement on the house of Morgan, the armament firms, propaganda, the innocence of Americans, the skulduggery of international conspiracies, or everything in the world, including the devil and original sin, except the inevitable tide of history which, having involved the East and the Asiatic Peninsula called Europe, could no longer be balked by the Pacific or Atlantic Oceans.

In 1914 destiny aimed its arrows at the shores of America. From 1918 until the outbreak of the present world war America exhibited to foreign observers and agents every symptom of a disunited and harassed country, a nation too remote and wealthy to be attacked, but too isolationist by tradition to wage war outside this hemisphere. Never in the world could the Germans and the Japanese have ventured to overwhelm the earth unless they had been deeply deceived and fooled by the spectacle of our dissatisfaction with ourselves and our wrangling. Our very literature which to us was cleansing, helpful to obliterate our provincialism and spread-eaglism, necessary to our growth as a world power, was held against us. The fact that we were composed of all the races of the world in a glutinous amalgam led our enemies astray. How could such a nation, unarmed, apparently disunited enter into a European war in time to win it? Well, we did win it. And for the second time, after a long depression, during a quarter of a century of such human folly as history has rarely known, we deceived them again. It might appear that we had laid a trap for our enemies, and that they were limed in it. How could a Frenchman, a Belgian, a German, an emissary from Jugoslavia or Russia conceive that we would be compressed overnight into such unity, such power as the world had never seen; that thousands of planes would rise like magic from vast factories planted in barren fields and swamps; that ships could be assembled by new processes; that trained armies could grow, with undreamed of weapons, from unregimented citizens; that the force of our urgency would split the atom and bring to birth a new era for mankind? One prophetic glimpse of this on the part of the men who brought about World War II would have palsied the conqueror's arms; would have sent them back to peaceful means of accomplishment.



The problem for thinking men, after we had won with our allies the second Armageddon, was whether we should again repeat this deadly cycle of disillusionment, negation, and the proclamation of our own criminal tendencies and general worthlessness, broadcast on the air to the world and in a literature that is becoming known from here to Kamchatka. If we are to repeat this cycle for a third time and present to the outside world a spectacle of false weakness, corruption, and inner conflict, whose meaning it is incapable of grasping, then we and the world are indeed doomed.

It was almost too much to hope that Americans should turn from this last victory, acclaim the war well won, and celebrate the virtues inherent in us that made it possible. It is not our scientists that will win the long peace but a resurgent and resounding pride in ourselves. The task is great; we have to leap from childhood and discontented adolescence to sound maturity and world responsibility in too brief a time. But the portents of this mighty change are here. You can hear it in the voices of Congressmen and Senators, in the accents of our President's unmelodious but determined voice. You can read it in our newspapers and in the novels of our young writers who are exploring the surface of America again as if it were a newly discovered continent; there are anger and bitterness at our too obvious sins, but there is little of the cynicism or despair and biting satire so familiar to the "lost generation" of the Twenties.

We in America do not need a nationalist inspired literature. We only need strong and honest men and women with a gift for expression and a place to print their words who believe in the democratic institutions of this country and who see that, unless that belief is virile, alive, and widespread, we are indeed lost. It is a strange country this, and without parallel. In its whole history it has never had to be frightened: there was no war, including the last, which we did not know we could win; no armaments of our enemies in the air or on the sea that we knew could bring disaster to us. We could afford cynicism and a negative literature. We can afford it no longer, for another war is looming on the horizon. If we are weak, are afraid of strong, resounding words, the storm will break, filling us first with terror, and then striking us to the heart. H. S.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Sartre Dismissed

SIR: There must have been considerable surprise, among the many waiting for critical reaction to the first presentation in English of Sartre's own version of existentialism, to find Sartre summarily dismissed, in your May 31 issue, because he does not believe in God. Since Sartre begins with a declaration of that fact, it seems hardly fair that your reviewer, "a student at Yale Divinity School," should belabor him with it.

The consequence is that your columns offer no review of the book. Indeed, not once in the entire article is there any mention of the work supposedly under consideration.

There are several questions a reader would have liked answered: Is this book a clear presentation of existentialism? To the many war-weary and uprooted spirits (in Europe even more than here), who discern no divine purpose and no certain values in the world, does existentialism suggest a reason for and a workable approach to living?

I should answer these questions in the affirmative; but I should have hoped, in the pages of *The Saturday Review*, for more cogent a consideration than the sweeping statement that Sartre's ideas are unsound because they rest not upon faith in God but upon challenge to men.

JOSEPH T. SHIPLEY.

New York, N. Y.

Eleven Instead of II

SIR: May I draw your attention to a mistake made in my article on the two handbooks on the USSR, which appeared in your issue of May 17?

I wrote that eleven excerpts from the *Information Bulletin* of the Soviet Embassy were used in Bernard J. Stern's "Understanding the Russians." The way the article came out in print, eleven was changed to two. Eleven is correct. This has a certain importance, as it shows that the Soviet Embassy *Information Bulletin* was drawn upon by the editors of the book more than any other source.

D. FEDOTOFF WHITE.

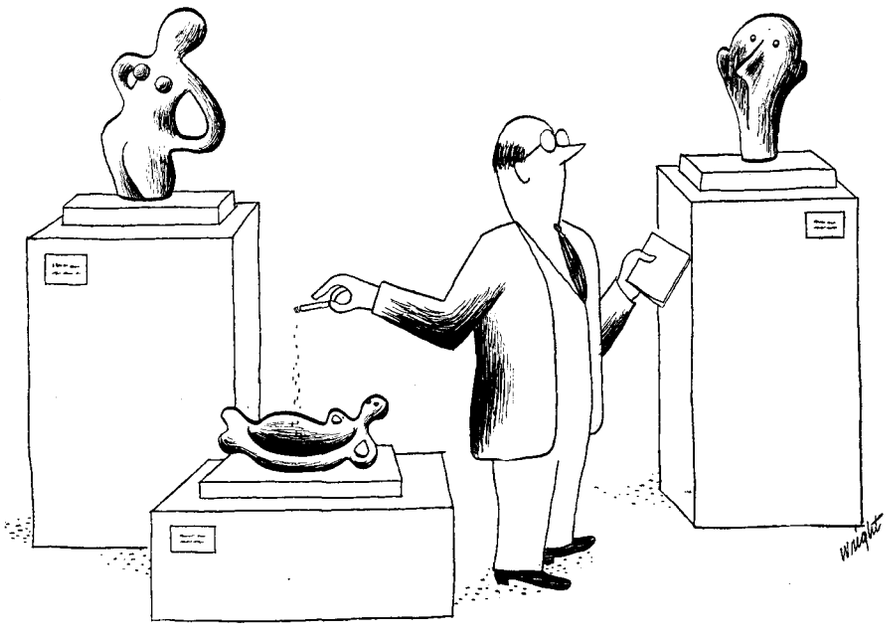
Philadelphia, Pa.

Final Judgment

SIR: In the second paragraph of his review of my book "Final Judgment" [*SRL* May 10] Mr. William E. Jackson writes as follows:

> Although most of ["Final Judgment's"] material comes from the Nuremberg archives, a considerable portion comes from other sources hazily identified as "various collecting centers in Germany" and several "documents" turn out to be nothing more than articles from *PM*.

I am naturally anxious to clarify these points because they may be construed by your readers, whether or not in accordance with Mr. Jackson's intention, to reflect adversely on my integrity and credibility as a journalist.



1. The perhaps score of citations identified in the index of my book as "unnumbered documents available in various collecting centers in Germany" are based on analyses of these documents forwarded to Nuremberg by United States prosecution staff analysts as part of the normal procedure, familiar to Mr. Jackson, for preparing cases against Axis war criminals.

In this instance, the analyses involved persons and organizations (mostly industrial) not yet indicted at the time; and, therefore, I was permitted to use the reports only with the understanding that I would not publicly identify them more exactly than I have done in the index. Since that time, however, prosecution of the industrial cases has begun, and I am certain I am now doing no harm in violating the restriction.

2. Of the more than 400 citations used in my book, exactly two are based on dispatches which had appeared in *PM*. One of these is substantially confirmed by a Nuremberg document (No. 2353 PS) which is also cited in the book. The second, telling the story of killings in an insane asylum at Haar-Eglfing, is now a matter of record in the files of the Public Health Officer, U. S. Military Government for Munich.

Both dispatches I had myself filed from Germany as *PM*'s correspondent there; naturally, I had every reason to believe in their authenticity.

VICTOR H. BERNSTEIN.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: My intention in reviewing Mr. Bernstein's book was of course not to impugn his "integrity and credibility as a journalist"; else I should not have recommended "Final Judgment" as the excellent primer that it is. The trouble with much of the book, as my review said, is that instead of sticking to its professed purpose of telling the story of "what the trial revealed," it invokes much non-trial evidence to support favorite and extraneous theories, thus making the book something other than what it is represented to be.

As an example of these divagations, the passage to which Mr. Bernstein objects described his book as partly drawn from materials which never appeared in the Nuremberg trial. Mr. Bernstein now explains where these hitherto unidentified documents do come from. Although the explanation is a bit fuzzy, it must naturally be accepted. But the point is—and Mr. Bernstein's letter shows this to be true—that these materials do not come from the evidence introduced at the Nuremberg trial. The subtitle of his book ("The Story of Nuremberg") is therefore somewhat misleading. That was and still is the gist of my complaint.

WILLIAM E. JACKSON.

Cold Spring Harbor, N. Y.

More for Mr. Platt

SIR: The book which in my opinion most nearly fills the requirements of Mr. Rutherford Platt [*SRL* Apr. 12] is Lord Acton's "Lectures on Modern History" (Macmillan), a volume which includes his inaugural address on "The Study of History."

STEPHEN RUSHMORE.

Boston, Mass.

SIR: My nomination for the one book to take is "The Book of the Id," by Groddeck. That would occupy an industrious mind indefinitely.

BELINDA JELLIFFE.

Huletts Landing, N. Y.

Anyone Can See It's Pig Latin

SIR: It is presumed that your parting shot in the Phoenix Nest of April 26 is meant to be Italian. It is the presumption of the year. *A reverdici* is not any known language. At least it is not any in my ken. No, not even Amharic or Telugu. *A riverderci.*

JASON LINDSEY.

San Francisco, Calif.

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Pedagogical Galaxy

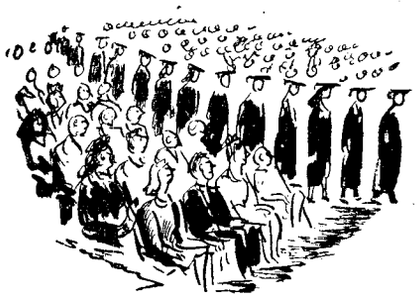
COLUMBIA: Colossus on the Hudson. By Horace Coon. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1947. 388 pp $4.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

COLUMBIA, as the author of this book states, is at the end of one era and the beginning of another. President Butler has retired; his successor, Dr. Fackenthal, is already putting numerous valuable innovations into effect; enrollment has swollen to tremendous proportions; and with the disappearance of great incomes if not great estates, the problem of finance has assumed a new and difficult shape. It is a good time to take stock. Before many years a full-dress bicentenary history (due in 1954) will appear. Meanwhile Dr. Coon, a loyal, lively-minded, and not uncritical alumnus, offers a readable combination of informal history and contemporaneous portraiture.

Carlyle never made a more misleading remark than when he said that the true university is a collection of books; the true university is rather a collection of personalities. Of that fact Mr. Coon is properly aware. One great personality, the American Dr. Samuel Johnson, stood at the founding of Kings College. A galaxy of personalities gave renown in early republican days to Columbia: Dr. Samuel Latham Mitchill, who taught every known science, Dr. John McVicker, who combined religion, belles lettres, and what he called political economy; Samuel Bard, who started the medical school, and "Bull" Anthon, probably the best classicist of his time in the country. These rudely heroic figures of the old time, each expected to be versed in half a dozen branches, gradually gave way to men of more specialized learning, like Francis Lieber in politics, and Thomas Egleston, the founder of the School of Mines. Then, belatedly, the struggling college was transformed into a university by two or three men of fertile minds, granite character, and fighting power. One was the persistent F. A. P. Barnard, who never stopped crusading for his educational ideas—including the higher training for women; one was John W. Burgess, who had his rapt vision of a great advanced school while doing sentry duty on the battlefield of Murfreesboro, developed it in years of study abroad, and converted it into reality on Columbia's midtown campus.

It must be said, however, that Mr. Coon is most interested in the personalities of a later era, the era when,



under Seth Low and Nicholas Murray Butler, the university, growing as swiftly in vigor as in wealth, became one of the chief intellectual centers of America. By 1900 Brander Matthews and William P. Trent were adorning the English Department, Michael Pupin was in partial charge of electrical engineering, Franz Boas was teaching anthropology, and A. V. W. Jackson was professor of Indo-Iranian languages. Four years later John Dewey was persuaded by J. McKeen Cattell to come to Columbia, where he proved once more that a profound philosopher could be a dull lecturer, but gathered about himself brilliant students, three of whom now teach on the campus—John H. Randall, Herbert W. Schneider, and Irwin Edman. When Dewey arrived in 1904, he found congenial spirits present or about to come: James Harvey Robinson, perhaps the greatest teacher of them all, the path-blazing Wesley Clair Mitchell, the lovable Frederick J. E. Woodbridge, and Charles A. Beard. William A. Dunning had taken over the Lieber chair in history and political philosophy in 1904. Altogether, by 1910 Columbia probably outranked even Harvard in the eminence of its names.

A special atmosphere enveloped Columbia then and since. Other universities equaled it as repositories of erudition, as publishing centers, as teachers of past knowledge; none approached it in stimulating intimacy with great contemporaneous forces, social, political, and economic, or in fruitful contributions to current ideas. Brander Matthews partly expressed this fact when he wrote: "At Columbia the professor is not uncommon who is both urban and urbane, who is not only a gentleman and a scholar, in the good old phrase, but is more or less a man of the world, and on occasion, a man of affairs." The urbanity, of course, was not so important as Brander imagined. The omnipresent interest in new ideas and discoveries, the leadership in all kinds of brisk movements, was unique and invaluable. Such men as Bagley, Russell, and Kandel in education, George W. Kirchwey, Munroe Smith, and Harlan F. Stone in law, Talcott Williams in journalism, John Erskine and Carl Van Doren in English, made the world seem a place of exciting possibilities to their students. Scintillating and unconventional young men like Randolph Bourne found themselves at home on such a campus. President Butler lent his own special flavor to university life, for conservative as he seemed in some ways, he touched national and international affairs more broadly and forcibly than any other academic figure in America.

The dark spots in Columbia history and the weaknesses in its fabric are not glossed over in Mr. Coon's journalistic summary. If anything, he rather exaggerates the importance of the wave of resignations which accompanied and followed World War I. To say that some of the trustees behaved ineptly would be putting it mildly; but one or two professors seem to have behaved with a certain amount of petulance. The eccentricities of Teachers College (again to speak mildly) are touched upon. Its delight in "apperception mass," its wallowings in the "play way," its study of Shakespeare by carving Macbeth's castle in soap, its requirement that students distinguish between purpose, aim, objective, goal, and big goal, form a gloomy side of the Columbia story. (Fortunately "T. C." has also done creditable work.) Mr. Coon doubts whether journalism can ever be made a post-graduate branch. On the whole, however, he is warmly appreciative. He does justice to Dr. Butler's high vision, to the sane progressiveness of Columbia College which has made that branch a fountainhead of new ideas in undergraduate education, to Lou Little's marvelous record in athletics, to the resplendent achievement of Pegram, Urey, and other scientists, to the vigor of Barnard College under Dean Gildersleeve, to the distinction of the medical school; in short, to the many-sided additions constantly being made to the Columbia tradition. He has written an engaging book on a formidable subject.

Meteor

By Olga Kowals

LAST night a meteor swung low
and coruscating swirls pierced the sky
like driving sand. . .

I fought away the blinding hour
on hour, and beheld with wry surprise
the fiery meteor clutched within
my hand.

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EDWARD C. ASWELL

as a Vice-President,

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Mr. Aswell will serve

as Editor-in-Chief

of Whittlesey House.

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Seeing Things

PASTORAL

WHEN they met us at the station, as they had done over the years on the occasion of just such expeditions, they were as fresh and smiling as the day itself. So were we; at least, almost; my wife, I, our two boys, and a dear, dauntless friend who has a genuine talent for enjoying other people's children instead of letting them annoy her.

All of us were grateful for the weather, our country hosts no less than we, their city visitors. We had had no spring. Or, if we had had any, we had been unaware of its fitful coming as mortals are apt to be whose contacts with the seasons are limited to city streets. Suddenly, however, on this long-appointed Sunday, July had preceded May on the calendar by some error at the binder's on Nature's part, and a summer's day was full upon us.

For the past week the weather man had loomed large in our hopes and prayers. If farmers worry about the rain for reasons of their own, so do parents when planning a pilgrimage with their young to the home of friends in the country. Yes, and, as property owners, so do these friends.

There had been that other Sunday three years back. No one had forgotten it; none of us could forget it. It was the kind of totally wet day for which shower curtains would have been the only proper apparel.

The children—our two boys and their two girls—had not minded the rain. At any rate our boys had not. They had relished it because it supplied them with unanticipated adventure. New York apartments, unless they are duplexes, are drearily level affairs. Although they by no means deny action to the young, their flatness keeps it horizontal. A two-story country home, such as our friends' small but charmingly remodeled farmhouse, presented a terrain exciting in its differences. A stairwell meant that energy could be expended in ways vertical no less than horizontal; above all, that the law of gravity could be tested and not found wanting.

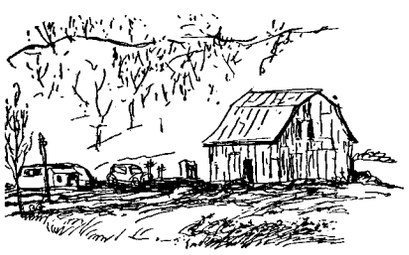
This is precisely what our boys had proceeded to do. To my wife's shame, to my humiliation, to the feigned acceptance of our hosts, and the miraculous amusement of our companion of the indestructible nerves.

On that rainy Sabbath, when the adult group was having cocktails and trying to have conversation in the living-room before luncheon, the boys discovered the whereabouts of the less favorite toys belonging to our friends' daughters. Thereafter, to the girls' delight and with screams of wonder bursting from all four children, they had dropped the heavier of these possessions down the stairwell. They had done this with such ever-recurring thumps, bumps, rumbles, and crashes that we, the grown-ups, had no other choice than to cease to be guests or hosts and turn into constables.

As I say, that shut-in Sunday, that nightmare of claustrophobia and combustion, was three years ago. The boys were older now. So were the girls. So were we, both the visited and the visitors among the adults. Moreover, the weather was this time our ally.

We had sensed this with relief in town when, upon arising, we had seen the sunshine pouring in our bedroom windows. Of course, we had not guessed how warm the day would become. The early morning coolness had fooled us, as it always fools parents trying to decide whether their children should start off on an expedition wearing heavy clothes or light and with or without overcoats. We had dressed them in that Eskimo fashion prudence recommends. But, no sooner had we reached the Pennsylvania Station, than off had come the boys' overcoats and into their mother's arms and mine they had gone. Parents, when traveling, soon cease to be parents and become porters; Redcaps who get no tips and few thanks.

Some people I know are blessed with a genius for catching trains just before they pull out. Not us; not any one of us. We are Caspar Milquetoasts when confronted with a timetable. Invariably, we arrive at the station when the last car of the departing earlier train is still in sight. We say we like to have plenty of time, and we always do. Not that this means we are able "to take things easy." Anything but. That unexpected half-hour or forty-five minutes of waiting with children in a station is enough to send the brightest sun behind a cloud.



As a playroom, the Caracallan vastness of the Pennsylvania Station can claim virtues unsuspected by its architects. Unlike their elders, children are not so prideless as to sit patiently in a waiting room. Why should they? When there are strangers to be hidden behind. When there is other people's luggage to be sat on. When the information booth beckons as a pill box to be captured by a flanking movement, and there are ticket counters to be climbed up. When magazine stands, hard on the parents' pocketbooks but tempting to juvenile eyes, bulge with gum, candies, and comics, and there are magic-eye doors that swing wide untiringly without so much as an "Open Sesame!" Above all, (oh bliss of blisses, except for the hundreds of tired travelers trying to use them), when there are escalators, moving up and down, accompanied on their journeys by no less itinerant handrails upon which caps and parcels can be propelled. Could anyone except an adult, unable to sit down and kept mobilized for immediate pursuit, fail to find joy in such releases?

EACH and every one of these happy experiments had been tried by the boys before Amy, our long-suffering companion on previous family excursions, appeared. When she did arrive, cool, unruffled, and smiling, she came bearing gifts. She is as spoiling in her generosities as a grandmother. For each boy she had a book. Each book was ecstatically accepted with a "Gee! Thanks a million." It was then eagerly unwrapped, and acknowledged with a crestfallen "Say, that's a neat book. I know because I have it."

Fortunately for her tranquillity, and our reputation, Amy arrived just a short while before our train was announced. She was too late, in other words, to allow us to indulge in that veteran joke, always a favorite with the boys, of embarrassing her by having her paged in Jovian tones by the stationmaster over the public address system. Accordingly, we pushed and were pushed by the crowd heading through the gate.

Parents may rail at comics to the limit of their lungs in private or at meetings of the P.T.A. But there are moments, and a train trip is nothing but a succession of these, when comics are a father's and mother's best

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friend. One of the most pernicious, because inviting, features of compromise is the comfort it insures. If you are a parent, what matters more in a day-coach than your own comfort (though it is really part of it) is the comfort of others.

Accordingly, with this public-spirited excuse in mind, I swallowed my prejudices and administered as sedatives to each of my young the two comics I had surreptitiously bought for them at the newsstand. What is more, these comics worked; they worked like the intellectual Mickey Finns which in truth they are. As opiates, they had just begun to wear off, and the boys were on the verge of rolling them up to employ them as Robin Hood's cudgels, when Princeton Junction flashed into view.

"There's Laura!" "There's George!" we all cried to ourselves and to others who had never met them and were no less busy identifying friends of their own. There they were, unwearied, resolute, and hospitable, waiting for us, as goes without saying, at the opposite end of the platform from the one at which we got off. The girls were not with them. As the most receptive car can hold only so many, they had been left at home.

After "manners" had been made and the customary "how-are-you's" exchanged by adults obviously in the best of health, we set out. The country was all we had dreamed it would be, and offered everything the city could not. Its peace was enfolding. Its wide stretches of green rested eyes fatigued by the city's motley. To ears traffic-trained the silence, when there *was* silence in the car, was audible.

"This is it, Laura! This is it, George! I feel rested already," I heard myself saying as we entered their driveway.

Their place had never looked lovelier. The lilacs were in full bloom; the tulips out; the yard was aflame with more flowers than a New York florist can crowd into his window. To the left behind a picket fence was the house, trim and gracious, its green shutters standing out against its white clapboards. Directly in front of us was a barn, as red as in a Grant Wood, only old and wonderfully unfarmlike. Near it was a tree with an improvised swing dangling from its lower branches. A cocker spaniel, friendly and curious, was scampering towards the car. In a moment the girls, spotless as for a birthday party and pretty as dolls, were running out the front door to meet us.

"Hello, Joan. Hello, Carol," we, the guests, were all saying, including the boys, though they said it with a timidity somewhat alien to them.

Then, after a short barrage of giggles and brace-showings, the four

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children suddenly parted company like dancers in a quadrille. They raced off from one another as if they had never met, each going his or her own way so independently that, for a while, the chances of their ever meeting again seemed remote.

Having taken off the boys' jackets and deposited these with their coats and caps in the hall, my wife and I felt our parental duties done. We returned to the lawn and sank back comfortably into the white chairs spread there in a semicircle. The air was as warmly lazy as if the perfume of box could be inhaled.

"Yes, this is it," Amy, my wife, and I all agreed in these or approximate words. Just what "it" was we little suspected, though we were not long in learning.

Joan, being the elder daughter, joined us as a proof of her age. She listened for a while. Then, finding us dull, she buried her face behind a copy of *Life*. Our younger son headed ecstatically for a flowerbed which, before we could stop him, he began to deflower. The older boy, followed by Carol, began to chase the dog around us in dizzying circles, until the two of them stumbled upon a soccer ball which they picked up and tossed back and forth over our heads with terrifying uncertainty.

When, under orders, this game of catch was transferred to a plot near the barn, we adults settled down for a few blissful moments to reputations. From the corner of our eyes we could see dartings on the far side of the fence. No child, however, seemed to be chasing anyone except himself. Then came a comparative lull. Carol flopped down on the grass to read a comic she had found in the car. Joan left us unceremoniously to disappear in the barn. The older boy started hammering on a plank; the younger one managed to climb the tree from which the swing hung. "Look where I am, Daddy!" he bellowed proudly until he discovered he could not get down unaided. His changed tune sent George and me scurrying to his rescue. This crisis over, we rejoined the group, and all the children followed Joan into the barn.

Before long the older boy emerged, a look of triumph on his face. He had found a dilapidated baby carriage and was pushing Carol in it in our direction. This would have been fine if, in his eagerness to reach us by the shortest path, he had not headed straight for a Madonna lily which was George's pride. "Look out!" cried George. "Don't get near that lily!" In a twinkling George was on his feet. So was I. And the lily, bent but not broken, was snatched from under the wheels.

The barn proved to be as inexhaustible a treasure-trove as if the Collyer brothers had owned it. Out came a lawn mower, an abandoned card table, a hose (which the children fortunately were unable to attach), some tattered dolls, a rake, a watering can, yards of frayed clothesline, a few tin cans, and some automobile chains. These chains, heavy with rust as they were, proved to be the greatest delight of all. They created an alluring melody as they scraped over the stones in the driveway. They made impressive paths on the grass. They discolored the hands and clothes in ways fascinating and irresistible. They enabled whoever at any moment happened to have snatched them from the others to turn jailer. Moreover, when looped around the front gate and pulled very hard, they soon turned that May Sunday into Hallowe'en.

Laura, a perfect hostess, saved not only the situation but the gate by whisking all of the children off to Princeton to buy ice cream. In the surprising silence that followed I could swear I heard a warbler sing. It was the first, and last, time that a bird had a chance to make itself heard that day.

We had luncheon on the lawn. There was a good deal of bickering, indeed at one point an open fight between the sisters, about which chair belonged to whom. The younger boy was far too excited to eat. He shared his delicious hamburger with the dog, allowing the dog to bite off half of it before putting the other half in his own mouth. The hamburger, however, gave him an idea. The minute lunch was over, he scurried off to the card table retrieved from the barn. Then he began to dig and dig and dig. Before long he was calling Amy to come over and see the wonderful mud hamburgers he had for sale, and was quite outraged when she would not eat one.

Just when we were settling down quietly after lunch, George, a baseball fan from 'way back, organized a game in which the fathers were teamed up with their children against one another. George, being the host, made up the rules. We, being the guests, had no other choice than to follow them, which we did mutinously. Although the game was active enough at the outset to cause indigestion and splotch my new gray flannels with grass stains, it did not, fortunately, last as long as George would have liked it to. It did not because the younger boy hit Joan by mistake when he was at bat; and, when he was not, kept leaving third base at crucial moments to fashion mudburgers.

ALL of the children, when released from the national pastime, resorted to somewhat Druidical rites around the tree with the swing. There were a few cries of "He's teasing me," or "She's being mean to me," when the elder child of each family picked on the younger. Even so, there was an interval of calm during which we, the adults, could indulge in adult talk. This lasted longer than any of us had dared to hope, because Carol had led the older boy into the house to show him her collection of comics, and Joan had come back to us to finish *Life*.

I could not help noticing that, on the far side of the fence, the younger boy had put a ladder against the tree. He kept going up and down this ladder for some time, carrying the segments of the frayed clothesline with him. At last he called to Amy, the eternal friend of all children. "Miss Amy, won't you please come here? I got somethin' wunaful to show you."

Being an unfeathered angel, Amy dutifully responded. I heard whoops of joy from the tree, and saw Amy pull back suddenly. Just in time, too. Because what the younger boy had been slaving over was a machine of

The Tree

By Marcia Lee Anderson

THOSE grey logs eaten out by fire hold
The very lines of life, engraved like flint,
Yet soft as moth-wing, delicate as mold,
The shape of life, not life; a ghost print.
In the narrow landscape where those ashes lie
The silver moon is lead, the stars are mute,
No ocean whispers to the dull sky,
No wind stirs above the shadow root;
Yet there, between life and death, in the grey air,
Between last silence and the last despair,
On the held verge of chaos, there, there,
The delicate lines emerge, the hid spell,
The fire-struck runes, released at last to tell
Of a shining tree, a tree that never fell.

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almost Rube Goldberg ingenuity. It consisted of a beer bottle hidden in a cluster of leaves and filled with muddy water. It was better balanced than Damocles's sword, and controlled by an elaborate rigging of the clothesline. When the rope was pulled at the approach of some innocent admirer, the bottle would empty its alluvial deposits on that person's unsuspecting head.

Amy, being the kind of kind woman she is, thought this very funny. Neither my wife nor I did. With some gratitude we saw, when we rushed forward to save and reprimand, that the sun was not too far above the horizon.

"When does that train leave?" I asked George for the fourth time in the last hour.

"Not for ever so long," he replied, "but there *is* an earlier one." His face brightened. "It's an express," he added politely.

That was the one we took.

"We've had a lovely time," we all said.

"*We've* had a lovely time," said Laura, George, and the girls. "Let's do it again—soon."

I trust George and Laura got some rest. I must admit they looked a little peaked. Even the boys slept on the way in. Only Amy remained inexplicably fresh. I would have read the book I carried with me, if I had not found that one of the young, during the course of the day, had sat on my spectacles, reducing them to mere crumbs of glass.

My wife and I had a dinner engagement that night. We broke it. The city was wonderfully restful. That is, after eight-thirty. Oddly enough, it *had* been a good day.

JOHN MASON BROWN.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Daisy and Demi, in "Little Women," by Louisa M. Alcott. 2. Ned and Charles Cheeryble, in "Nicholas Nickleby," by Charles Dickens. 3. Tweedledum and Tweedledee, in "Through the Looking Glass," by Lewis Carroll. 4. Thaddeus and Bartholomew Sholto, in "The Sign of the Four," by Conan Doyle. 5. Louis XIV and Philippe, in "The Man in the Iron Mask," by Alexandre Dumas. 6. Stuart and Brent Tarleton, in "Gone with the Wind," by Margaret Mitchell. 7. Solomon and Rose Mary (or Patrick and Rebecca) Levy, in "Abie's Irish Rose," by Anne Nichols. 8. Madeline and Roderick Usher, in "The Fall of the House of Usher," by Edgar Allan Poe. 9. Francis and Julian Carreau, in "The Siamese Twin Mystery," by Ellery Queen. 10. Antipholus of Syracuse and Antipholus of Ephesus, and Dromio of Syracuse and Dromio of Ephesus.

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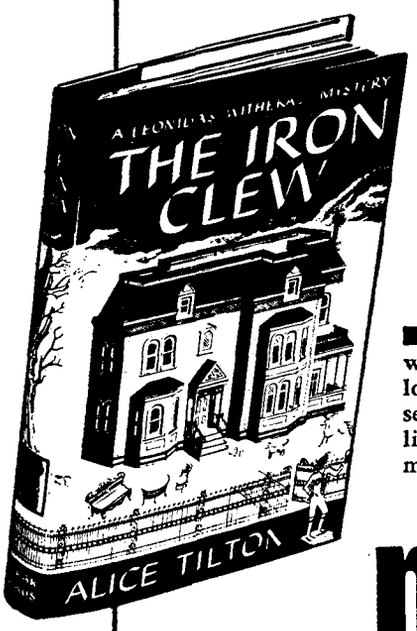

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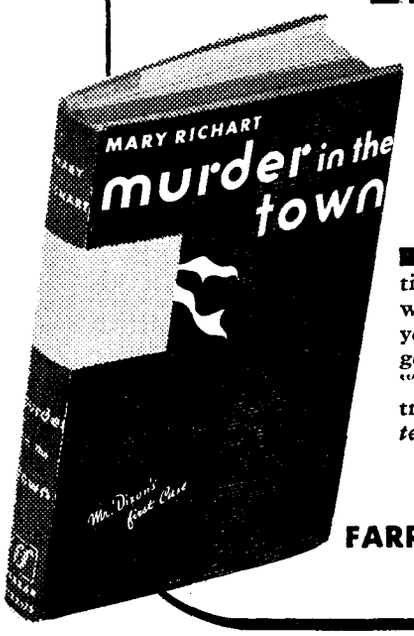

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THE FINE ARTS

NEGLECTED ARTISTS

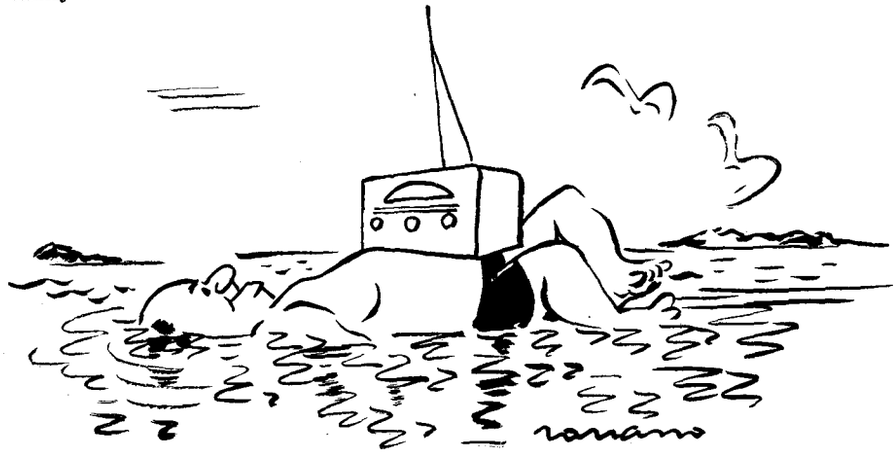
A FEW months ago in this column I complained about the duplication of subject occurring so often in art books here and abroad. Very recently a book has arrived from England which proves, I think, my supplementary claim that there are still many neglected artists and fields, badly in need of publication. The book to which I refer is "Kokoschka, Life and Work" by Edith Hoffmann (Faber & Faber, $7.50 here). I bought it with an excitement born of long frustration. Oskar Kokoschka for more than thirty-five years has been one of the most important painters of the modern movement, a key figure in Central European expressionism. Yet there has never been a comprehensive study of him in English before, nor a monograph in any language since 1925. I found the book a fascinating summary not only of Kokoschka's life and art, but of the intellectual climate of late nineteenth-century Vienna, in which he matured, and of early twentieth-century Berlin, where he lived later. Included are two essays by Kokoschka, rather blurred in thought (he was once a playwright as well as a painter). But Mrs. Hoffmann's discussion of his stylistic evolution is for the most part illuminating, though I wish she could have said more about Egon Schiele, a painter who died young yet had a considerable influence on Kokoschka. The latter's career was difficult for a time: Mrs. Hoffmann supplies the plausible information that Hitler's theories about "degenerate" art stemmed originally from the rantings of the Vienna press against advanced artists; she adds that the Archduke Franz Ferdinand once declared of Kokoschka with royal ardor, "This fellow's bones ought to be broken in his body." Well, now many museums all over the world proudly own works by Kokoschka, and many more will own them one day.

Since Kokoschka was Austrian-Czech, he is often left out of accounts of German expressionism to which, in truth, he came a little late. By the same token Edvard Munch, being Norwegian, resists convenient packaging, though he was a true forerunner of international expressionism and one of the major graphic artists of our time. Some of his finest and most influential etchings and woodcuts appear in Pola Gauguin's "Grafikeren Edvard Munch" with text, alas, in Norwegian (F. Bruns, Trondheim, $6). A previous volume by the same author deals with his lithographs. Since Munch was Norway's only modern artist of international repute, it seems a pity that his Government has not subsidized an illustrated catalogue of his prints and published the best of his paintings which are, it must be admitted, uneven in quality.

A third artist who falls outside most geographical surveys was the Hungarian Moholy-Nagy, once an active figure in Germany's Bauhaus and until his recent death director of Chicago's distinguished School of Design. An energetic experimenter with abstract form, Moholy was perhaps greater as a teacher and a force than as an artist. The Museum of Non-Objective Painting in New York has issued an illustrated catalogue ($1) to accompany its memorial exhibition of his works. It is my melancholy duty to report that the catalogue supplies nearly as clear an idea of Moholy's attainment as the exhibition itself. For the museum, as usual, has hung the pictures almost at floor level, apparently assuming that we are indeed a generation of vipers. At least no biped that I have ever seen, and I have seen midgets, can look at the paintings properly without lying prone. On visits to the museum I have growled about this practice several times. Recently a friend of mine's similar complaint brought the reply: "The pictures are hung low because it's easier on the eyes." I do not believe this bifocal theory for a moment, but in any case it is certainly not easier on the artist, since the high wall lighting throws deep shadows on the paintings where it hits their frames—an absolute negation of those principles of clear, over-all design for which Moholy fought all his courageous life.

The Whitney Museum of American Art has issued a fine catalogue ($1.10) of its recent exhibition of Ralph Albert Blakelock, a double victim of hallucinations in that the last twenty years of his life were spent in an insane asylum, while his reputation has suffered from the appearance of numerous pictures carrying his signature but actually the ghostly work of forgers. He emerges from the Whitney show and catalogue as a considerable, not a great figure, but a valuable link in our nineteenth-century pictorial romanticism. If we consider this romanticism's apogee to be Albert Pinkham Ryder (1847-1917), as I think we must, then American romantic art was very belated in relation to that of France, where 1830 heard the full tocsin of the new movement. There has appeared an engaging and informative book, Maurice-Pierre Boyé's "La Mêlée Romantique" (René Julliard, Paris, $3), which describes colorfully a number of leading and lesser French romantics and their surroundings. It even mentions one of my favorite personages—the painter Francis Conscience, pupil of Géricault, a sort of proto-futurist who used to drink a gallon of wine and then sketch everything that passed before his café window, *while* it was passing. I wish this book could be reprinted in English; its plates are few but extremely interesting.

TWO opposing currents in eighteenth-century English art, Hogarth's satirical realism and Blake's mysticism, are treated respectively in "William Hogarth, Marriage à la Mode and Other Engravings" (Crown Publishers, $5) and Northrop Frye's "Fearful Symmetry, A Study of William Blake" (Princeton University Press, $5). The text in the Hogarth



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book consists of the scenarios which were printed alongside the plates in the first complete edition of Hogarth's works, and it is nice to have them reissued. The reproductions are not on coated stock, and seem rather soft. During last winter's superb Hogarth-Constable-Turner exhibition in America, nearly all the critics preferred Hogarth the print-maker to Hogarth the painter, and only Dr. Edgar Wind of Smith College raised his voice in praise of "that most insinuating gift of Hogarth, his genius as a colorist." He must have been right: it is surprising how much one misses color in the Marriage à la Mode engravings after having seen recently the oil paintings for the series.

There is a great deal to read in Mr. Frye's book on Blake, and I frankly find much of it difficult going. But this is perhaps a recommendation, since there have been too many attempts to explain Blake, an extraordinarily complex creative artist in language so bare as to be shivery. Possibly we shall not unravel Blake satisfactorily until another Freud comes along. And how perceptive and stimulating Freud could be as an art critic is revealed again by a new edition in English of his famous "Leonardo da Vinci, A Study in Psychosexuality" (Random House, $2.50). You may not believe every word of this celebrated essay, but art interpretation has been profoundly affected by it, as has all human thought by Freud's general research. What would we not give for an interpretation by him of Botticelli's drawings for Dante's "Inferno," now printed in reduced facsimile by the Lear Publishers (New York, $5). I have never seen the original drawings, so I can only guess that much of the quality of Botticelli's delicate draftsmanship is lost in these reproductions. Even so, the drawings are fascinating in iconography, so imaginative and fresh that they make the accompanying Dante translation by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow seem gray and puffy, as if we were reading a paraphrase of T. S. Eliot by Edwin Arlington Robinson.

The modern field has several interesting and serious new books. The King's Crown Press at Columbia University has issued Anna Balakian's "Literary Origins of Surrealism" ($2.75), a scholarly, non-dogmatic, and on the whole valuable attempt to trace surrealist literature's evolution from its roots in early nineteenth-century romanticism. The attempt is all to the good, for surrealism is too often regarded as simply a slap in tradition's face, whereas in fact it only tried to let go of tradition's hand. I find the book's conclusion too pessimistic, but she has done a stimulating, badly needed job which might have been helped by a closer study of surrealist painting as a corollary force. Wittenborn & Co., of New York, has been publishing a fine series, "The Documents of Modern Art," which reprints classics of modern art criticism under the knowledgeable editorship of the painter Robert Motherwell. The newest volume is "Kindergarten Chats" ($4.50) by the great Chicago father of modern architecture, Louis H. Sullivan. I have not had time to read it, but I emphatically intend to, confident that it maintains the series' standard. And I cannot think of Sullivan without mentioning Henry Hope's article on his ornament which appeared in the *Magazine of Art* for March 1947. The functionalist esthetic has trained us to regard all architectural ornament as superfluous. Mr. Hope's article makes clear how much Sullivan's ornament meant to him and how good it was: reading the article is like watching the bandages come off an era of taste. Finally, from London has arrived a memorable booklet, "The Cubist Spirit in Its Time" (London Gallery Editions), which revives for us much of the austere spirit of the cubist movement—still the most profound group contribution to art our century has thus far achieved.

JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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MACMILLAN

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Lady Gregory's JOURNALS

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TURNING HISTORY INSIDE OUT—1.

(*Continued from page 7*)

narrative of World War II available reasonably soon after the close of hostilities. This grand-scale project was advanced by General Marshall when he was Chief of Staff, and warmly encouraged by his successor, General Eisenhower. Had there been no such early awareness within the Army itself, both of the all-time need for historical study and of the necessity of gathering source material while events are in the making, the project could not have been started on time. Without a continuing organization, stoutly backed by the very highest authority (General Eisenhower's July 1946 instructions opened all available records to properly vouched-for members of the Historical Division), the happy start made within the Army Ground Forces, the Army Air Forces, and elsewhere in 1941 and 1942 could not have been followed so briskly and intelligently as to start the actual flow of volumes at this early date.

That mention of a prospective "flow of volumes" would be misleading if it were thought to mean that Vol. I will be followed neatly by Vol. II and Vol. III, and so on, in a methodical series of products limited only by the schedules of an unwearying Government Printing Office. That would presuppose that the G.P.O. really is unwearying, also that historians work like journeymen tailors, also that the Historical Division is working from stockpiles of facts and judgments fully assembled and fully arranged. Most especially inaccurate would be the last presupposition. The documents which guide the narration are not all at hand; much less are they compared and evaluated; much less related to one another for an intelligent over-all survey in perspective. Indeed, it is impossible to complete any one chain of cause-and-effect sequences at a time, for the causes of certain effects are to be found by Historian A not in his own selected chain at all, but in a quite different chain at which Historian B or Historian C is at work, at the same time but in another theatre of war. The several lines of the research by Doctors A, B, and C are repeatedly found to be interrelated and interdependent as well, so that each one moves not in smooth and luxurious continuity but by painful spurts and new evaluations and actual corrections.

Why did the Western Allies postpone the trans-Channel drive from 1942 to 1943 and then to 1944? Why, save that the power to conduct it was simply not at hand in 1942; and a little later it was controlled by the exactions of other theatres; or by the slowness of troop-equipment which called for division of arms among other areas, under such cruel pressure at the time that they *had* to be cared for; or by the alterations of grand strategy necessitated by unpredictable events on a distant battlefield? How understand the one, without reference to the other—based upon a clear and documented understanding of it, not a mere third-hand memory?

How many blunders in appraisal of various war efforts—and, for that matter, of the pre-Pearl Harbor activities about which some of our noisiest legislators are abysmally uninformed—might have been averted with a little better current knowledge of facts and perspective, undiscussable at the time and only just emerging from the darkness of wartime security measures. How many blunders in future national policy might now be averted, if there were wider and deeper understanding of why we delayed here and hastened there; why at the outset we dispersed our forces in driblets instead of driving full force toward victory in what most informed strategists always knew to be the one spot where ultimate victory would come; why we changed our plans both in timing and in character. For these historic facts in America's past which only a handful of people now know, will one day recur in America's future, giving like causes. More ought to know them, so as to recognize them. It would help if we could foresee their recurrence, and guard against them. That very thing is, to be sure, the soldier's particular justification of historical study and exposition.

THE need of it was recognized more than a century ago by the German General Staff of that day, which included a most industrious historical section, whose study of past operations revealed to the Staff military errors which, thus discerned, could thereafter be recognized in advance and averted, and military achieve-

"Hurry, Eliot, the meeting's already come to order."

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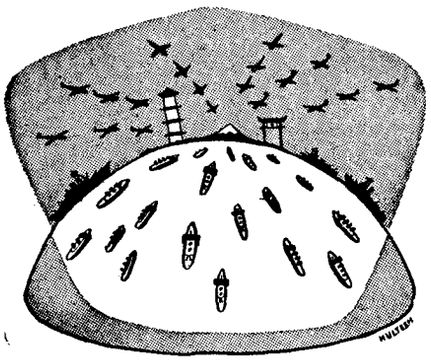
ments which in wars to come could be once more attained if there were conscious planning of them. The German example was followed by all the armies—our own not very effectively until now. History can be thought of merely as a field for cultural exploration. Or, more sensibly, it can be thought of as a record which, properly understood, is a guide to the future. Or, less sensibly, as is too often the case in American colleges, it can be thought of not at all, in any respectable manner.

Certainly that is the way the American colleges, as a whole, thought of the history of World War I, a word on which is distinctly apposite now. For the most part, in post-1919, college history departments studiously avoided all study of the momentous military events of 1914-18, and particularly the magnificent feats of the American Expeditionary Forces. It was an unpopular subject generally, associated in Republican minds with a man named Wilson, whom the Republicans were so anxious to crowd toward oblivion that they were willing to forget at the same time the superb army of which Mr. Wilson had been the Commander-in-Chief. There was the customary post-war revulsion from war, too, as a factor. There was also a new upspringing of pacifism—not the pacifism of gallant souls, like Newton D. Baker, who loved peace so much that they would die to help bring it about, but the mean pacifism of little men who sneered at their betters, now that it was safe to do so, and gained immense popularity in a luxury era when the rugged virtues of sacrifice and civic duty were no longer stylish.

There was another influence on public thought in America at that time. It was that of foreign nations which were just then being pressed rather hard to pay their debts to America. There were excellent reasons for reduction of the debts and for absolute non-collection of some of them. But these were not sufficiently convincing, it was thought, and other "reasons" were slyly advanced. Chiefly, there was an insidious sort of admission that somehow the Western Allies had really won the war themselves, and that American arms had been a negligible factor, despite those Macedonian yells of 1916. Our production? Yes; our labor and factories were wonderful (that was stylish then, as it is now when America itself babbles happily at "the production miracle" and says little of the soldier). So it was in 1919; Pershing's AEF of 2,000,000 men, we were asked to believe, had not really done much. The evil part of it is that this sly and malevolent doctrine (springing not



from our Allies' natural pride as soldiers but from their statesmen's thrifty desire to squeak out of debt-payments) rapidly and unmistakably spread through our journals of opinion of that day and, lamentably, through colleges whose history departments were inert, and impoverished, and blind.

I recall that one of Pershing's ablest lieutenants, who after the war became an area commander in the Middle West, was in those days invited to address informally a seminar of history professors from most of the colleges in that populous area. The professors were a little condescending about it, which raised him to a slow boil at the start. However, he consented, and took the platform. He took time to question his history-teaching hosts about their knowledge of military operations and the immediate political effects which they exerted during World War I—the largest historical event in those teachers' wretched lives—and he found that they knew no more of it than they taught. As to American participation in the war, they knew next to nothing, which is exactly what they taught their students. Their most vigorous concept was that "it's quite probable that the American Army was the straw which broke the German camel's back."

My old friend, remembering the drive toward Metz, swallowed a couple of times, and then launched into his remarks. He patiently recited some of the basic facts of our Army's preparation for combat. He mentioned the extraordinary timeliness of its arrival in France. He noted that, with Russia wholly out of the fight in 1917, after heroic struggles in 1914-16, the Allies' prospect in the West was a dismal one. He mentioned the actual mutiny then spreading through the French Army, and the reluctance of the British, after their own desperate sacrifices, to make any more. He mentioned what happened to our Italian Allies when left unprotected by French and British. Then he described the electric effect of our first small-scale offensive at Cantigny and, far more telling, the glory of

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the actions at Belleau and Château-Thierry which swiftly followed. He related the story of Pershing's succeeding advances across Aisne and Vesle, which made St. Mihiel possible, and then the enormous struggle in the Meuse-Argonne—the hinge of the old German line behind which lay Metz and the network of railroads supplying Germany's entire front, the breaking of which hinge would have forced the German retreat in the north regardless of all else, and did force it.

"We the straw that broke the camel's back?" he exclaimed indignantly. "The Americans were the sledgehammer that knocked that damned camel flat."

I may add that he converted them, almost, much as long ago one Philip had been almost persuaded. They even urged him to make the same speech to other college historians in other states, in like need of advice. He declined, remarking that teaching was the proper function of teachers. Certainly theirs was the duty to teach young American students, and the opportunity as well, if they would use it.

I saw this same old friend lately, and found him still embittered by the ignorance and the laziness and the emptiness of most American college historians in this respect, eager for "trends" but negligent of events which make history. But I found also that he was indignant with the post-1919 Army and Navy as well, that they—knowing civilian apathy and indolence—had failed even to stimulate the sluggish historians' activity, as a fundamental national duty. The dull record of the services' own unpublished documentation for historical research into World War I, and of a non-existent narrative history (recited at the outset of this article) he feels to be a cause for Army-Navy shame. Also it is a profound cause of something more serious; it is a negative factor, at least, in the shabby record of American historical research on the aspects of World War I. Better study of World War I in the succeeding decade, better writing of it, better teaching of it to the very badly taught generation which raced through the colleges in the Twenties and Thirties, would have given to the United States and its citizens in those years a far better comprehension of the task which our Army and Navy would be facing, and performing, in World War II.

The War Department is doing a much better job after World War II, and starting it promptly. This time it is unlikely we will be hearing any more of that straw-that-broke-the-camel's-back delusion, as applied to World War II. Yet there still is danger that in a new revulsion from war and war-talk (who can ignore present signs of that cycle's return?) and in the welter of propaganda (which is so much more persuasive to the public than is the call to industrious research) the next generation in civilian America will again get as faulty a view of the history of our own times as did the generation before them. The writers (and the teachers) of history have work to do.

It is agreeable to report that, in contrast with the record of the Twenties, a number of today's outstanding teachers are so conscious of their responsibility that they are doing double duty. James Phinney Baxter of Williams College, Henry S. Commager of Columbia, E. Pendleton Herring of Harvard, Colonel Thomas D. Stamps of West Point, John D. Hicks of California, William T. Hutchinson of Chicago, Charles H. Taylor of Harvard, Walter L. Wright, Jr., of Princeton, and E. Dwight Salmon of Amherst are the teacher members of the Historical Division's advisory council (colleagues in that group are the historians Douglas S. Freeman and Samuel L. A. Marshall) helping materially with their counsel and encouragement, and also giving evidence that in their role as teachers they are bent upon doing in the colleges, this time, what was most fatefully not done in the colleges of the Twenties.

World War II offers too much research for swift completion of the history. Certainly the Historical Division of the War Department is not doing the whole thing (most notably the Navy Department has its own admirable but differently designed program, of which the first of Samuel Eliot Morison's projected series is a shining example). But (in addition to the "American Forces in Action Series" of studies on single operations, a dozen of which have already been printed) it is making an immense and well-designed start on a comprehensive and factual study which will lay before historical students and lay public of our own day both a maximum of basic information, documented and impartial, and a running narrative of surprising readability which seeks to provide perspective and understanding.

—*Charles Baskerville.*

"Shooting the Breeze."

IT IS to be an "official" history in the important sense that it is sponsored by the War Department. It is highly unofficial, in the usual sense, in that the work, made possible by the hearty cooperation of the Army (*vide* General Eisenhower's direction that, within patently obligatory limits, the historians "will have access to all official records of the War Department") is being performed by a group of free civilian scholars on temporary duty at the Pentagon. These writers are for the most part professional historians imbued with the spirit of research who, in grades from sergeant to colonel, served in various theatres and with various divisions or corps or armies during the war. They chose to remain in the War Department for a time thereafter, rather than go back to their university study or teaching, on the understanding that in their research and writing for the official history the Army would afford them the respectful cooperation which serious scholarship merits. These men are most emphatically *not* concerned with "presenting an official viewpoint" or proving an official thesis, but with recording objectively, with documentation indicated in footnotes for the guidance of future researchers, the entire majestic story of the American Army in the Great War, its background, its preparation, its direction, its progress, its triumphs, its return to civilian life. It is too early for the ultimate "critical" history, which needs the perspective of many years, but this grand-scale beginning is an invaluable help toward that ultimate task. It is too early even for a complete assembly, let alone a fully balanced selection of documents, but again the present labors make a useful start.

Two of the enterprise's aims are to a degree conflicting. The Historical Division seeks complete accuracy, so far as an initial but intensive survey of source material permits completeness. But it also seeks publication as quickly as practicable, partly as a duty to the literate public which wishes a balanced report on the events which cost that public so much in blood and treasure, and partly as a

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spur to further historical study. Speed involves sacrifice, to be sure. Documents which would be helpful, if they exist, are not always at hand, and work must proceed without them in the hope that, years later, further research will uncover them. Perhaps too, so thorough is the division's organization and so energetic its direction, the documents already perused will prove sufficient, and their correlation effective. By design, of course, the subject matter requiring most prolonged appraisal will be treated in the later volumes; that already tested goes into the earlier volumes. A good deal of text tentatively finished as fragments, therefore, is set aside until its complementary chapters can be worked up, perhaps years hence.

The standard technique is for the writer to prepare "studies" which are textually scrutinized and discussed and revised in intrasection seminars before they ever reach the final stage as copy for the printer. The first practical public test of this thoughtful technique, and of "The United States Army in World War II" as a whole is about to be made with the first volume of the series dealing with the ground forces (other series will deal with the Mediterranean, European, Pacific theatres, the Air Forces, the Departmental direction, etc.). That initial number may surprise historians in general by its thoroughness and by the promptness of its availability to students and public alike. More important, it may surprise them by its excellence.

TURNING HISTORY INSIDE OUT—2.

(*Continued from page 8*)

which has devastated and ruined Europe, I could not hope for any peace with myself hereafter.

Throughout Part I is woven a fulsome pattern of gentlemen with their feet in their mouths. Mr. Taft deserves and gets top billing in these performances.

Historically, the most important section in Part I is the pointing up of "the crisis of 1940":

> The reorganization of machinery for defense, plainly necessary by the end of 1940, presented problems of statesmanship far more complex than those concerning the administrative structure of the Government. . . . Given the strength of special interests in American society and the shortage of leaders generally regarded as attached to the national interest, the issue of who was to control [the defense program] was posed sharply by the demand for the appointment of a single defense czar. This suggestion clothed a variety of motives. Some people believed that such an arrangement was absolutely essential but others advocated it in the hope that the President would abdicate a large part of his responsibility to some person more to their liking. As it became clear that there would be a reorganization—and that there was at least a chance for a defense "czar"—a desperate struggle for position got under way.
>
> Mr. Knudsen, Defense Commission advisor on industrial production, and Mr. Hillman, Defense Commission advisor on employment, came to be regarded as spearheads of the industrial and labor groups respectively. . . . The broad issues were pointed up in a plan which Mr. Knudsen proposed to the President at his request late in November 1940. . . . The plan was built on the idea that the Advisor on Industrial Production should become a Director of Industrial Mobilization, vested with power to supervise and direct almost the entire home front effort. . . . It would have placed in the hands of the proposed Director of Industrial Mobilization the functions which eventually came to be performed by the War Production Board, the Office of Price Administration, the War Manpower Commission, the Foreign Economic Administration, and other agencies as well.

And the authors of the book explain:

> The outcome was a decision which appeared to be a clear-cut victory for no single group. The President decided that the new agency—the Office of Production Management, a unit of the Office for Emergency Management — should concern itself only with production.

Thus, Franklin D. Roosevelt dodged his critics and went ahead to prepare for a war, and to run it when it came. And Mr. Smith pursued his assignments assiduously.

The major portion of "The United States at War" has to do with the ways in which administrative measures were taken—at least in theory—to provide such war needs as: Accelerating Production, Transporting Material, Mobilizing Labor, Informing the Public, Fighting Inflation, Providing Food, Coordinating War Agencies, Allocating Labor Supply, and Preparing for Peace. Each of these is explained in some detail, and most chapters are not without a smattering of Monday-morning quarterbacking. But the record, nevertheless, is important to have.

One of the sections which might be illumined by a fleeting comment in this review is the one entitled "Preparing for Peace." Here, in near-

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ly forty pages, is explained in detail such things as early planning (of which there was virtually none), planning world peace (which was strictly played by ear when the time came), demobilization (which came as something of a surprise), planning the reconversion of industry (which was done by innumerable people, in innumerable ways, with innumerable results), the fight against inflation (which might be considered a good example of in-fighting), and reconversion and demobilization of the executive establishment (which is still very much in process). In other words, this section illustrates best of all the considerable difference which exists between the practical empirical facts of the case, and the clear cut, orderly design for administering conjured up in the minds of men who organized the home-front war on a sheet of paper, and made diagrams which might in some cases be termed as all-exclusive of the facts.

Another generation, to whom the details of life in the United States during World War II exist only in yellowed file copies of newspapers, may turn to "The United States at War" and envy the orderly minds, the systematic approach indicated in our home front mobilization. But God help them if they try to follow the organizational diagrams scattered through the book, and expect, as a result, a smooth-running machine which will peremptorily deal with all the complications faced by a nation in a crisis. The fact is that gearing up for the next war will follow the same lusty meandering pattern as in World War II—and World War I—and the Civil War and all the rest. A conscientious President (and they are all conscientious at a time like that) will steer a course between the public welfare on one side, and ambition, political suicide, moral opposition, and greed on the other. He will be guided by a group of advisors motivated by a wide variety of impulses. The people, always a jump ahead, will demand action, Congress will hold back, there will be a crisis, and finally, in hot pursuit of a philosophical and moral concept, all the facilities of the democracy will converge on the problem at hand, with more or less efficiency. An administrator will try desperately to keep his charts ahead of the alterations that expediency and pressure dictate.

And a politically sympathetic historian will write a tome explaining that it was all according to plan.

Fred Smith, assistant to Henry Morgenthau, Jr., during the war, is now on the editorial board of the United Nations World.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
DESIGN FOR TREACHERY *Clare Saunders* (Scribner's: $2.)	Strange death in unfinished Manhattan apt. house followed by others equally mysterious. Psychiatrist - sleuth Henry helps to clear up homicidal tangle.	Insouciant and resourceful psycher weaves way deftly though thrillsome sequence of believable, and occasionally incredible, crimes to New York Harbor pay-off.	Suspenseful
NOVELS OF MYSTERY FROM THE VICTORIAN AGE *Editor* *Maurice Richardson* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce: $3.95)	Collins's "Woman in White," LeFanu's "Carmilla," Anonymous, "Notting Hill Mystery," and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."	LeFanu's vampirish yarn prize exhibit. Collins and Stevenson tales timeless. Anon's contribution in "museum piece" category.	For *aficionados*
THE SHADOW OF MURDER *Patrick Laing* (Phoenix: $2.)	Friends and neighbors of acquitted wife-murderer summon blind detective to remove odium of crime and possibly spot actual bichloride-potioner.	Problem has its points, but interminable interrogations, lack of action, and solution questionable on several points cancel out merits.	Tiresome
DOUBLE JEOPARDY *Clement Wood* (Arcadia: $2.)	Up-state New Yorker slain by nocturnal visitor who also shoots watching vagrant. Chief suspect acquitted — then Insp. Keyne finds new evidence.	Helderberg atmosphere and some of people diverting, but long-drawn-out trial and magniloquent writing are pretty tiresome.	Stuffy
THE WOMAN IN BLACK *Leslie Ford* (Scribner's: $2.50)	Mrs. Latham, Sgt. Buck, and Police Capt. Lamb solve three Washington murders — with Col. Primrose playing measle-bound Mycroft.	Solution quite unexpected, but play-back shows it's logical enough. Action, plotting, humor, and characters right up to author's high standard.	Among the best
THE BUS STATION MURDERS *Louisa Revell* (Macmillan: $2.50)	Admiral's widow fatally knitting-needled at end of Baltimore-Annapolis bus run. Others die while school teacher helps former-pupil detective.	Sixty-seven-year-old, mystery-fan spinster does gossipy, derivative, and rather routine job of co-sleuthing. Background and characters pleasant.	Mildly agreeable
IF YOU HAVE TEARS *John Evans* (Mystery House: $2.)	California bank official, married, must replace eighteen grand stolen to get secretary - sweetie divorce. His wife has fat insurance policy. So . . .	Old reliable "wages of sin" theme decked out in "psychological" trappings—page 3 tabloid stuff duked up for two-buck brackets.	Lurid
DROP ONE, CARRY FOUR *Fredric Sinclair* (Crime Club: $2.)	Girl war-corres., with brother's slayer among her home-coming colleagues, successfully eludes persistent slayer and catches him in shadow of Pyramids.	Convincing and colorful Indian and Egyptian backgrounds, believable and attractive people, adequately puzzling and thrill - spangled plot — and sockeroo finish.	Humdinger
THE FOOTSTEPS *Theodora DuBois* (Crime Club: $2.)	"Auditory hallucinations" of young sculptor (*fem.*) immerse Jeff and Anne McNeill in homicidal troubles of proud, publicity-hating N. Y. clan.	McNeill's narco-analytic solution of footsteps following frantic heroine novel and absorbing. Ending not unexpected but suspense quotient extra high.	Stimulating
THE CASE OF THE MISSING MEN *Christopher Bush* (Macmillan: $2.50)	English detective-story writer and son killed on country estate at which Ludovic Travers is guest. "General" George Wharton helps Ludo.	Sterling example of "classic" English-type baffler. Well-knit plot, lively characters, ingenious and elusive slayer, careful and credible detecting.	Best British Brand

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NEW EDITIONS

IN "BOOKMAN'S PLEASURE" (Farrar & Straus, $2.75) Holbrook Jackson has compiled a delightful anthology, packed with brief and lively passages from all kinds and conditions of writers; passages in which they describe themselves and one another, discuss love, food, drink, clothes, and money, record their impressions of travel, denounce and praise one another's books, express their philosophies of life, descant upon their good and ill health, gather convivially, and mourn their dead. Mr. Jackson says that he has aimed at producing a kind of "composite portrait of a writer of books." If this was really his target, he has missed it, of course, for the traits that he has gathered together are too numerous and various to compose themselves into a single portrait, however catholic and inclusive. The features of Byron, Hannah More, Landor, Thoreau, Carlyle, Jane Austen, and Dr. Johnson (to mention only a few of Mr. Jackson's many writers) are not easily blended or superimposed one upon the other. Indeed, the thing for which we value them most is their individuality.

What we have in "Bookman's Pleasure" is a highly diverting and informative miscellany, arranged in categories that one may ignore or not as one chooses. We learn from John Aubrey that Thomas Fuller had "a very working head," from Locker-Lampson that George Eliot's garments "gave her a waist like a milestone," and from the same authority that Anthony Trollope's "ordinary tones had the penetrative capacity of two persons quarreling, and his voice would ring through and through you, and shake the windows in their frames, while all the time he was most amiably disposed towards you under his waistcoat." Rogers tells us that the learned Porson was a drunkard, and Anne Douglas Sedgwick pictures Henry James, without his beard, as having "something the look of a clever French priest in secular dress." We are treated to glimpses of Carlyle at Kirkcaldy, Macaulay at Ventnor, Ruskin in Rome, and Arnold Bennett in Paris. Chesterton boasts: "My ignorance of cookery is such that I can even eat the food in the most fashionable and expensive hotels in London," while Jane Austen declares herself "the most unlearned and uninformed female who ever dared to be an authoress." Congreve reports, in 1700 and in Calais, that one can buy admirable champagne for twelve pence a quart and good Burgundy for fifteen pence. Horace Walpole condemns "Tristam Shandy" as "the dregs of nonsense." Ruskin declares himself willing to give up half his books for a new profile. Byron credits all his inspiration to gin-and-water. Macaulay describes Benjamin Robert Haydon as "the vulgar idea of a man of genius." Jane Harrison compares Walter Pater to "a soft, kind cat." Gertrude Atherton pictures George Moore's "long colorless face that looked like a codfish crossed by a satyr." And Miss Mitford remarks: "Well, great authors are great people —but I believe they are best seen at a distance."

But there must be an end to this quoting of quotations. Mr. Jackson's book is fitly named. It is by a bookman, about bookmen, and for bookmen. And, unlike many compilations ideal for dipping, it may be read straight through with thorough enjoyment.

"The Royal Adventures of Richard Halliburton" (Bobbs-Merrill, $3.98) contains "The Royal Road to Romance," "The Glorious Adventure," and "New Worlds to Conquer," first published between 1925 and 1929, with many of the original photographs. A great many people have laughed at Halliburton's narcissistic travelogues, and it is easy to make fun of his boyishly effervescent prose, his romantic poses and postures, but he did what he really wanted to do, and he made it pay off.

Nevil Shute's "Pastoral," a less ambitious but also less contrived book than "The Chequer Board," has been reprinted by The World Publishing Company (49c). . . . James Cain's "Serenade" enjoys still another incarnation (World, $1). . . . Rosamund Marshall's "Kitty" (Pocket, 25c) would once have been called servant-girl trash, but the classification no longer has meaning. . . . Max Brand rides again in "The Fighting Four" (Pocket, 25c) and "The Stolen Stallion" (Grosset & Dunlop, $1). . . . Fiction on the soap-opera level may be found in Faith Baldwin's "Private Duty" (Pocket, 25c), and Margaret Widdemer's "Constancia Herself" (Grosset & Dunlop, $1).

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COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING		REMARKS
	Recording Technique	*Surface*	
THOMSON, THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLAINS. Stokowksi, Hollywood Bowl Orchestra. Victor M 1116 (2) $2.85	A splendid, wide-range recording, strikingly better than other releases by this orch. Surpasses anything Victor has done this year.	A to B+ (slight irregularities)	(*See below*) Suite from Thomson's music for the 1936 documentary film. Fine music for recording —fine orchestral color, great clarity; brevity.
BACH, SONATA IN A MINOR FOR UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN. Ruggiero Ricci. Vox 187 (2 *plastic*)	Good resonance, but this music could take even more. Highs are unaccountably absent —this being a plastic pressing.	AA (*plastic*)	An excellent performance, clean, accurate in pitch. Brings out clearly the harmonic implications of this "musical shorthand." Time value taken rather freely.

THE PLOW THAT BROKE THE PLAINS

THE hardest thing to learn in evaluating music is the remarkable unimportance of its style. A fine test of that is the music for the film, "The Plow that Broke the Plains" (above). Style is unfortunately the hub of most amateur criticism and too much professional. It is the reference point from which we make musical judgment. Style, today, is the beginning of musical experience and the end of "music appreciation"—our first steps in listening tell us Mozart from Wagner, Beethoven from Debussy, and how proud we are! Through musical adolescence we climb easily from style to style, from black to white, from one oversimplification to another—until we attain a set of personal "values," the styles we like and those we emphatically do not. Ten to one, henceforth the die is cast. Music in "our" style is good, anything else isn't it.

If not, then why the fantastic success of a Warsaw Concerto, tenth-rate imitation of second-rate music? Why the popularity of jazzed classics, those universal adapters that, plugged into your radio, reduce anything and everything in music to one "popular" style. Why else do Tchaikowsky fans hate Mozart and Mozarteans detest Wagner? Why do jazz fiends shy away from longhair and some sophisticates adore the madrigal and the minor clavicenists, and yet cannot abide Beethoven? Wrong style!

Once the bogey of style is set aside more important values may come through. One can see why, for example, Thomson's music for the "Plow," written with the most straightforward of old fashioned harmonies, featuring blues and cowboy music, is still artistically valuable, whereas as much other such "old fashioned" music is rightly condemned. Thomson's music is a marvelous exercise in musical values! There is no Thomson style at all, but instead many styles—any style that is convenient or pertinent. He has long since solved the problem in his own way. With him style is merely a premise, a "given." The value of his music is not in the premise but in the conclusion, the working out. Whatever the style, he is its master to begin with. The Thomson blues in the "Plow" are good blues and even better straight music (listen here, those who are all for amalgamating jazz and longhair!). The Thomson "Old Hundred" is a fine hymn harmonization, the Thomson Cowboy music is authentic, but full of more than cowboy parroting (note for instance the accompaniment in three against a six-eight-time-melody).

If there was ever music of an extreme—all style and no content—it surely is the usual Hollywood film music. Yet if content is by chance desired (Hollywood says no) men like Thomson can produce it—and in just about any style you want. Again, though most composers, unlike Thomson, have their own rigid styles, it does *not* follow that to demand blues or Stephen Foster or hillbilly from a composer necessarily cheapens the value of his music! It all depends.

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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Acute Artist

COLLECTED POEMS. By Sidney Keyes. Edited with a memoir and notes by Michael Meyer. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1947. 124 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

WHEN Sidney Keyes was killed in action against the Afrika-Korps in 1943, before his twenty-first birthday, this young English poet had already gone more than halfway in his poetry to meet the death he had discounted five years before (in "Prospero"):

Death, to him
No spectre, is a fellow-sorcerer,
His only rival. Why should Prosper fear
A colleague in his Art?

Acute artist enough to understand the dangers of his poetic stance, he rejected "Remember Your Lovers" from an earlier book for its "lush sentimentality"; and in "Lament for Dead Symbolists," this "first truly English poet effectively to marry Continental symbolism to the English Romantic tradition" (the characterization is the editor's) dismissed the Symbolist creed as sentimental and indecisive: "And beauty's worship wearies the oppressed."

Self-styled "an uncomfortable metaphysical without roots," he searched beyond his own emotions—but not so far beyond as to fall into the impersonal, dehumanizing fallacy of our times—for meanings to existence. "All I know is that everything in a vague sort of way means something else, and I want desperately to find out what."

Because his want was desperate, and his time was short—he lived with death and pain for years before war sealed the marriage bond—he looked for help to the best of old and new poets: to Shakespeare, whose blank verse gave him strength; to Yeats, Rilke, and Eliot; to visionaries like Blake, "haunted countrymen" like Hardy; to masters of the "metaphysical shudder" like Donne, Webster, Beddoes. And to painters of the same stamp: El Greco, Goya, Van Gogh, Picasso, Klee, and Rouault.

His writing achieved both the intensity and the sharpness of image that make for high poetry. And "everything . . . means something else"—"The Buzzard," for example, symbolizes an approach to life, a caution against "the too watchful eye," advice to "unfocus rather. . . . And wander singing in the golden haze." With a purity of diction that recalls Elizabethan song, he wove disturbing and compelling patterns of sound, sense, and emotion.

Love came late into his poetry—love which fought an endless battle with pride, while death looked on. Some time before war's finality ended the contest, he admitted to "the strongest desire for life, even to old age."

What he might finally and singly have become is hard to say: his last poem, "The Wilderness," is still self-consciously Eliot. But though death hovered, he had plotted his path. In "Advice for a Journey" he could say that though

you will never reach
Those brittle peaks which only clouds may walk,
nevertheless,
Set your face to the rock; go on, go out
Into the bad lands of battle, into the cloud-wall
Of the future, my friends, and leave your fear. . . .
Break the clouds' anger with your unchanged faces.

And in another early poem, "Cervieres" (alas, they are *all* early!), he wrote his own hopeful, youthful epitaph:

Let them take what they want, even our dreams.
Somewhere our loss will plant a better orchard.

Carved Verse

THE JUDGE IS FURY. By J. V. Cunningham. New York: The Swallow Press and William Morrow & Co. 1947. 541 pp. $2.

Reviewed by ROBERT HILLYER

THIS book should not be dismissed briefly, for it is important. The poems excel in a field that today other poets—except Frost, on occasion—have left untended: the epigram. The verse is hard and classic. The wry analysis of emotion, the Platonic humor, are akin to Santayana; the deftness of the cool and clipped syllables brings Landor to mind. My only complaint is that Mr. Cunningham introduces identical rhymes as lavishly as a French poet. He is too fine an artist to have done this unintentionally, but the effect in English still sounds weak in my ear. Mr. Cunningham's book will probably not attract a large modern audience, but he should have the satisfaction of knowing that he is carving—even if not always with perfection—in stone, while so many of his contemporaries are still dabbling in the sticky dough left from the Romantic popover.

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POST-WAR COMMENCEMENT

HOW at last it all comes clear!
Like the meaningful quiet
when a clock stops—
The stopped familiar daily round.
Here it is upon us—we are gone!

All as one have known a hill.
It's good to know a hill;
Walking up, across the hill
And slantwise down its paths;
Standing high and looking far
At smoke and swelling water.

Fears and dreams in baggy clothes
have kicked the grass,
Have felt the prickly, spreading thrill
of something new.
Their hair was blond or brown or red,
and you know what they said?
"HELLO" . . . and they grinned;
And they wilted inside from a sneer,
Or they flowered inside from a smile.
The love that all should not conceal
Flowed close to the surface here.

Green is the tree, and the leaf clearest green,
And the veins of the leaf feel the roots of the tree.
The elms remain where once WE were seen,
But each can say, "They've known me."

Any night, sitting late by lamplight,
Any two might have taken up loneliness,
Thrown it up and away and, listening,
Caught the faint, bright sound of its breaking.

Eyes deep in light, we look at each other again.

The clock of the Western world may stop,
The bell in its crumbling tower drop,
Some of us here will shrink, corrupt or sell our souls,
And some will give our blood away.

Stuffed and greenly sick with the cannibal viands of war,
Where a clotting web stays immense death humbly,
Humbly back we came to high doors ajar.
In the ripening store of life we culled the grains from the dust.

A rift in the past is a roughness ever.
What do you know of your nearest neighbor?
The branch is weighted with blossoms of white.
The air is pure and sweet at night.
Everything will be all right.
Pray God it will.

WILLIAM P. SULLIVAN.

The above poem has been sent me by John Holmes and was written by one of his students at Tufts College as the 1947 Senior Class Poem. It has a special appeal as being written by young veteran in one of the first full-dress post-war Commencements. It is easy to see that a new kind of undergraduate is developing. I have found it a moving expression of the mind of youth in this time.

* * *

Joseph Lewis, whose first communication *in re* Voltaire and the famous pronouncement attributed to him I printed on May 10, says that immediately after, he received a letter from B. I. Kinne, of Columbia University, with the following statement:

> If you will look up a little magazine called *Modern Language Notes*, in the issue of November 1943, you will find reprinted a letter I received from S. G. Tallentyre (Miss E. Beatrice Hall), dated May 9, 1939, in which she states:
>
> > The phrase "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it" which you have found in my book "Voltaire in His Letters" is *my own* expression and should not have been put in inverted commas. Please accept my apologies for having, quite unintentionally, misled you into thinking I was quoting a sentence used by Voltaire (or anyone but myself).
>
> I think this should settle for all time this question, and I certainly trust it will bring about the discontinuance of this statement which Voltaire did not make and which, for the love of truth, should not be repeated.

Kenton Kilmer confirms this by the fact that in the "Queries and Answers" department of *The New York Times Book Review* for September 1, 1935, there was a letter from S. C. Tallentyre (E. Beatrice Hall) saying that she used the phrase "as a description of Voltaire's attitude, and that the words are a paraphrase of 'Think for yourselves and let others enjoy the privilege to do so, too'." She used it in "The Friends of Voltaire" (London: Smith, Elder, 1906). And, says Mr. Kilmer, Mr. Harry Weinberger, whose letter to S. C. Tallentyre brought forth the reply published in *The New York Times*, had previously caused an extensive search to be made in the Congressional Reading Room, involving the reading of complete editions of Voltaire's works, in French and in translation, by a group of researchers. Nothing closer to "I wholly disapprove, etc." was found than the line beginning "Think for yourselves. . . ." I may myself add that anyone interested should turn to the footnote on page 1053 of Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations" as revised by Christopher Morley and Louella D. Everett.

* * *

DARKER THAN DARK

("In hopes I shall get rid of a sore throat which has haunted me nearly a twelvemonth."
—Letter of John Keats)

Of all I know ironical and sad
There is one topmost note,
When the most golden voice we ever had
Was silenced by "sore throat."

He who wished "a brighter word than bright,"
And left all lovers thankrupt, and his debtor
By this: *How I shall curse myself tonight*
For writing you so cold a letter.

BARCLAY HALL.

* * *

The New England Poetry Club has voted to make its annual award, known as "The Golden Rose," to David Morton of Deerfield, in recognition of his book "Poems 1920-1945," published by Alfred A. Knopf.

The Golden Rose award is in the form of a trophy, a replica of the flower, and has been given annually for the past twenty years to poets whom the New England Poetry Club feels most merit this salute. Robert Hillyer and Robert Frost are among those who have received the award in former years.

* * *

ANNIVERSARY SONG

Drink to me only with thine eyes
To pledge the days gone by;
Drink to me only with thine eyes,
We're out of Scotch and Rye.

DOROTHY B. GRISWOLD.

* * *

THE WEATHER COCK

The weather cock is a funny bird
Who doesn't boast a feather
And yet he's cocky—or is it vane
Or just too full of weather?

BETTY BEUTEL.

* * *

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

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By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

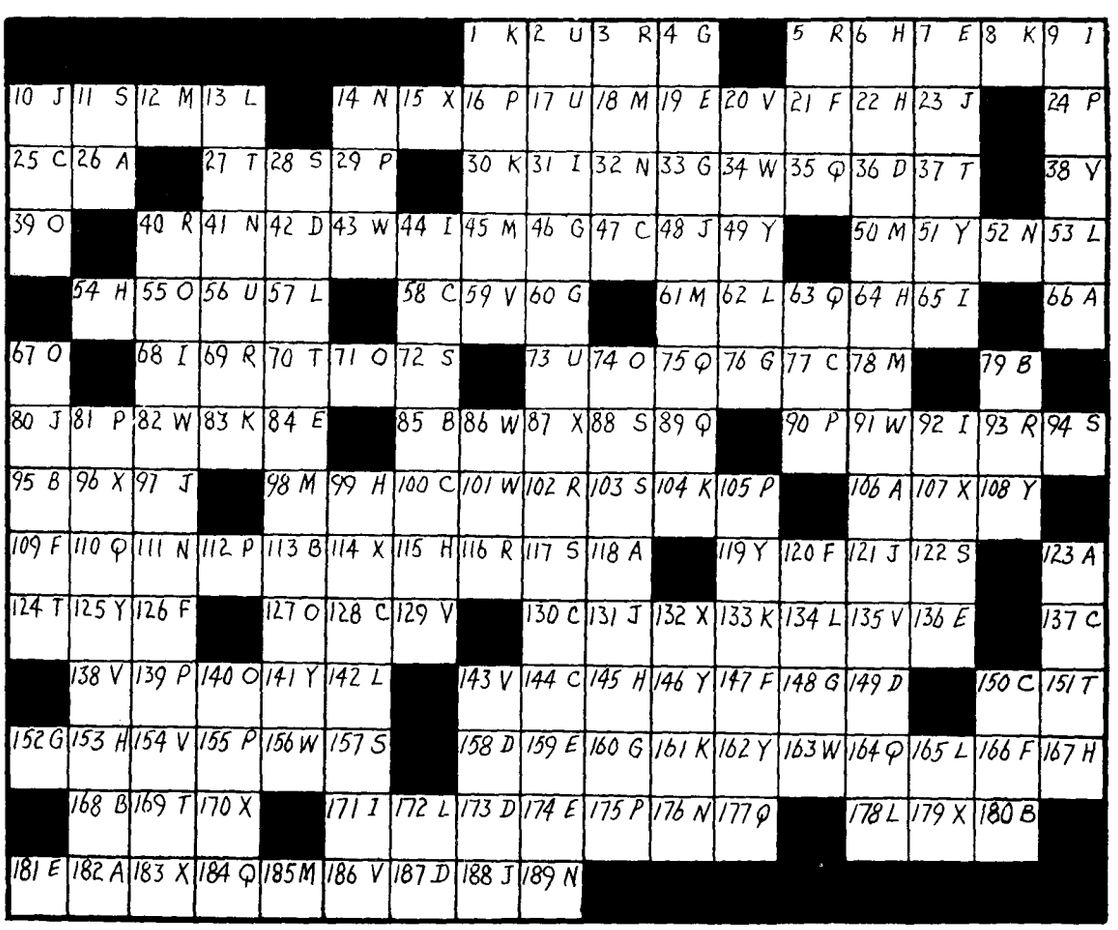
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Any minute simple organisms or organic units (Biol.).	123 66 182 106 26 118
B. Away from the mouth (Anat.).	79 85 113 95 168 180
C. Delay; procrastination.	130 144 25 150 58 137 128 47 77 100
D. Supplied esp. with moral, mental, or spiritual qualities.	158 36 187 42 149 173
E. Bragged, boasted, as of prowess, skill.	7 174 181 159 19 136 84
F. Largest island of Greece (off eastern coast).	126 147 109 21 166 120
G. Curved files or rasps used for working in depressions; also the workers of such.	46 76 33 160 152 60 148 4
H. English journalist, novelist, etc. (1873-; "All Our Yesterdays").	153 64 54 145 115 6 167 99 22
I. Crowds together.	31 171 44 65 92 68 9
J. Of the nature of an emulsion.	188 80 131 97 23 10 121 48
K. Twigs or flexible rods.	1 8 104 133 161 83 30
L. Second (innermost) satellite of Saturn.	57 172 165 53 62 178 142 134 13
M. A President of the United States.	61 185 98 50 45 78 18 12

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Lacking excessively in lightness or distinctiveness.	41 52 176 111 189 32 14
O. Colonel hero of "The Yeomen of the Guard."	39 74 127 71 67 55 140
P. Subdivision of medicine concerned with old age and its diseases (Med.).	16 29 155 81 24 175 112 139 90 105
Q. Toothlike (Anat. & zool.).	110 177 63 164 75 184 35 89
R. Tremulously agitated; resounding.	69 5 40 3 102 116 93
S. A prayer book.	122 94 103 28 11 157 88 117 72
T. Wrinkled.	169 151 37 124 27 70
U. A costly, fragrant ointment of Biblical times.	73 2 17 56
V. British geologist of note (1792-1871).	138 154 135 143 59 20 129 38 186
W. Expressing rapturous delight.	163 82 91 86 34 156 43 101
X. Name given by Drake to extensive region in what is now Oregon and Washington (2 wds.).	107 170 114 96 132 183 15 87 179
Y. First name of hero, in title, of popular historical novel by Jane Porter (1803).	146 119 51 108 125 141 162 49

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. *The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed* WORDS. *There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.*

When the column headed WORDS *is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).*



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 16 of this issue.

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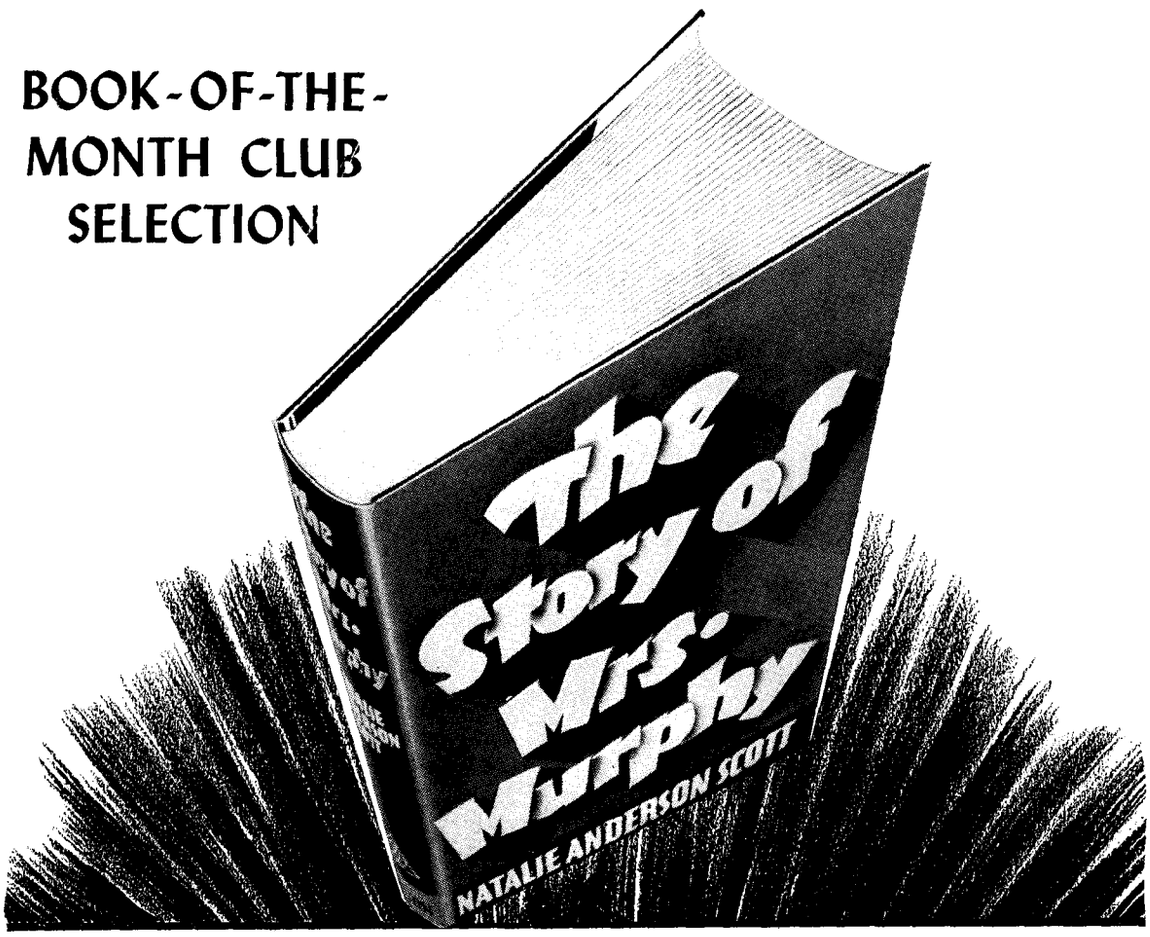
BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION



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